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## THE FRONT PAGE

CANADA, after "playing house" until the make-believe had grown rather tiresome to all concerned, at last begins to have to confront some of the problems that inevitably perplex a grown-up nation.

For many years we have had a quality of party politics that can best be compared with the amusements of childhood, and to look seriously on our contests required a juvenile fertility of fancy. Since responsible government was established, or since confederation was accomplished, for lack of greater issues we have occupied ourselves with the game of seeing "who shall be king of the castle." Often our political contests have been quite exciting, but little has depended on them. It was so much care-free romping on the green.

Questions, not of a make-believe sort, now begin to confront this country, and before long our people may divide into political parties for reasons that will possess meaning. Some among us make light of the question of Asiatic immigration on our Pacific Coast, and no doubt some new sensation will eclipse it in popular interest within a month—an earthquake at the Equator or a tribal war in Africa. But the Asiatic question will be there, even though it may be soothed into silence for the time—and it will occasion much deep thinking in London, Tokio and Ottawa. This question lugs Canada, whether or no, into world politics where the entanglements are such that it is easy enough to get in but almost impossible to get out again. We have got to look to ourselves.

We want a white man's country; we want a country rapidly developed. These two desires have clashed at Vancouver, and we must prosecute the two desires henceforth, knowing that they are capable of clashing. We want to trade with Japan and, in pursuing that desire, made a treaty which specifically opens our ports to all the citizens of that country who care to swarm in on us.

In short, it is only now that the country begins to know what she does want. It is but now that the country begins to feel the responsibility of her own actions. Speaking for myself, I did not know that our new treaty with Japan abrogated the old arrangement by which that country undertook to limit the number of immigrants who should come here in any one year. The Gioté did not know it, as was shown in a recent editorial in which that arrangement was discussed as if yet in force. R. G. McPherson, M.P. for Vancouver, did not know it, or surely he would have made an outcry when the treaty was under consideration. Dr. Munro, the Government agent on the Coast, did not know it, for it was only this week that he explained, when reprimanded from Ottawa for excluding Japanese who arrived without passports, that he did not know the old arrangement was not yet in force. In fact, even after the Vancouver row nobody in Canada, so far as I know, mentioned the circumstance that the old agreement had been superseded by a wide-open treaty covering the subject, until the Emperor of Japan caused the news to be broken in a despatch from Tokio. Indeed, only the Mikado and our transcontinental railway companies, which have been importing Japs by thousands, seem to have grasped the import of the treaty entered into.

Some of the English papers are censuring Sir Wilfrid Laurier for remarks he made in his recent Toronto speech, suggesting that this treaty was a British one. Those papers are right. If we propose to make our own treaties we must take the blame of our own blunders. If we ratify a treaty, it should be one that we approve.

HOWEVER, there is a strong feeling against the Japanese along the whole Pacific Coast of North America, and into Canadian ports only are they free by treaty to enter in unrestricted numbers. It is reported from Tokio that Japan will let her people come freely; it is reported from Ottawa that no obstacle to their entry can be set up; it is reported from railway headquarters that all of them that come will be given employment; it is reported from the Coast that a further influx will lead to serious consequences. A special correspondent of the Toronto News, who is in Vancouver looking into the Asiatic question, concludes a three column letter by saying that his suggestions in the interests of the country would be: (1) Regulate the Chinese; (2) Exclude the Japanese; (3) Bring Europeans into British Columbia. These are the recommendations made by myself a month ago on returning from the Coast. It may be objected that these suggestions are impossible—that the Chinese might be excluded, but that the Japanese cannot be.

If that which seems necessary appears to be impossible the difficulty of the problem before our statesmen is made apparent.

M. R. L. E. HEARNE has published in England a book, "The Asiatic Danger in the Colonies." I have not secured a copy of the volume as yet, but have seen it reviewed. The author complains that imperial authority looks academically at every problem and exercises power unmodified by experience. "One is still apt," he says, "to cherish the belief that a beneficent Providence has placed the white nations forever in an economic position which can never be seriously assailed." He says there is to-day a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which may in a generation darken the whole political horizon. He shows the state of affairs to-day in Natal. Of the storekeepers, 658 are European and 1,260 Asiatic; storekeepers' assistants, 1,252 are European, and 1,323 Asiatics; bakers and confectioners, 213 are Europeans and 78 Asiatics. Of domestic servants there are 1,083 Europeans and 2,132 Asiatics. Of laborers there are 353 Europeans and 13,799 Asiatics. The objection Mr. Hearne makes to the Japanese is that made in these columns. They enter a country not to become of it, but to possess it.

The author comments on the stand taken by Australia. Sir Henry Parkes spoke up plainly some years ago. "We have acted with decision," said he, "and we don't mean to turn back. Neither for Her Majesty's ships of war, nor for Her Majesty's representative on the spot, nor for the Secretary of State for the Colonies do we intend to turn aside from our purpose." Sir Henry explained himself fully: "It is our duty," said he, "to preserve the type of

the British nation, and we ought not for any consideration whatever to admit any element that would detract from or in any appreciable degree lower that admirable type of nationality. We should not encourage or admit amongst us any class of persons whatever whom we are not prepared to advance to all our franchises, to all our privileges as citizens and all our social rights, including the right of marriage. I maintain that no class of persons should be admitted here, so far as we can reasonably exclude them, who cannot come amongst us, take up all our rights, perform on a ground of equality all our duties, and share in our august and lofty work of founding a free nation."

Australia in 1901 passed a law empowering the authorities to exclude from the country "any person who, when asked to do so by an officer, fails to write out at dictation and sign in the presence of the officer, a passage of fifty words in length in a European language directed by the officer." This law expresses no discrimination against any race; yet it clothes the officials with authority to exclude anybody or everybody at discretion. The Japanese and Chinese find in that law a stone wall. When Canada

siderable fund of money for election purposes; and yet the result shows that the money did not purchase much. Why? Was it because the constituencies in which the money was expended were too staunch and true to be influenced by sordid influences, or was it because the money of the defeated party, however large the sum may have been, was quite outclassed by the fund controlled by the successful party? Either explanation will suffice to account for the result, and each reader may take his choice, according to his party leanings.

But, perhaps, no Government ever entered a campaign with an election fund smaller than that of the party opposed to it. Or, if a Government ever did this, it is probable that that Government perished at the polls.

In making this statement it is not necessarily implied that the people are always purchased, and that money determines all elections. But it is a well-known fact that companies and capitalists love to contribute to the funds of the party which is in power, especially if it is likely to win again. The man who wants something always deems it good business to place the popular party

coincidence but forthwith—the story of what purports to be the Conservative campaign fund of 1904 becomes available political material for the Liberal newspapers in all the provinces.

The mysterious story of that campaign fund is not openly told—it is but suggested, outlined in questions without answers. That campaign was mysterious, and people all over Canada are still intensely curious as to the peculiar happenings in which the late Hon. A. G. Blair played an incomprehensible part. Rumor, in the press and on the street, at the time and since, associated the names of Mr. David Russell, Mr. Hugh Graham and others with some kind of a political undertaking that collapsed on their hands. Mr. Borden, it was shown, travelled on a train with Mr. Russell at a time when the deal was supposed to be at its height, but it was understood that the Conservative leader had held aloof—had shied if overtures had been made to him. At any rate, after his interview with Mr. Russell, he announced that those making contributions to the party funds were required to do so without hope of reward and should turn the money into the hands of the regularly recognized treasurer of the party at Montreal. This sounded like the speech of a man who had got a jolt in a conversation on a train or somewhere else, and wanted to say something publicly that would not lack significance in certain eventualities.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is supposed to have called the late Hon. A. G. Blair into consultation, and to have said things to him that put a sudden stop to the scheme for overturning the Government by a master-stroke of sleight-of-hand. What did Sir Wilfrid say to the late Hon. A. G. Blair? The country has been, and yet is, deeply curious about this sensational episode in our politics. For three years neither political party has seemed willing to gratify popular curiosity. New Brunswick was the theatre of much that happened at that time. Hon. Dr. Pugsley comes from New Brunswick. His advent at Ottawa is simultaneous with a new, but still half-shuttered and unsatisfying, flow of light on the occurrences of that time.

Are we to get the whole story at last? Or are the people of Canada to be further teased with veiled hints and masked allusions? If the Opposition persists in dealing in personal scandals, will the Government party bring out the whole story of the Blair-Russell fiasco? Is this what the Government is trying to say?

If so, let honest men hope that both sides will lose temper and bawl forth all they know, each to the detriment of the other. Unsnap the chain. Sic 'em!

WHY is the Englishman not as well liked in Canada as the Scotchman, the Irishman or the Welshman? This question has had more or less discussion at different times, but the London Spectator comes back at it again, and answers it in a way that calls for comment in these columns devoted to the interests of plain truth. The Spectator takes up the subject because of an article by Mr. C. F. Hamilton, in the National Review, of which it speaks well, except that it pretends to discover in an out-of-the-way corner of Mr. Hamilton's article, the real secret of the Englishman's unpopularity, and proceeds to explain the whole thing to its readers, to Mr. Hamilton and to the world in general. If The Spectator will permit me to say so it exhibits in its own case the very quality that brings many Englishmen into disfavor in this country. It knows all about it. It has no doubt at all but that it knows Mr. Hamilton's subject better than Mr. Hamilton knows it. He is on the spot. He is a Canadian. He is one of our leading journalists, and an ardent lover of Great Britain. It is painful to him to have to admit that there is any such thing as a half-formed prejudice against Englishmen—or a class of them—in Canada, and he would like to put forward explanations in the National Review that would bring about a better understanding. Along comes the London Spectator, picks up his letter patronizingly, and proceeds to explain the whole trouble to its own satisfaction—but I venture to say not to his, nor to that of any other person on the spot.

With the utmost cocksureness The Spectator explains to Mr. Hamilton, and to all whom it may concern, just why the Englishman is less popular in Canada than the Scotchman, the Irishman, or the Welshman. It is because he possesses a quality lacking in the other three—he is the most silent of them all. It is not necessary to enumerate the excellent reasons given why he exhibits this quality of silence regarding himself which causes him to be misunderstood by us. It is not necessary to do this, because it is not the silent Englishmen against whom any prejudice can be supposed to exist in this country. With the silent Englishman we have long been acquainted and early learned his sterling merits. He is not unpopular anywhere in Canada, although sometimes the wish is expressed that he would thaw out a little more quickly than he does. But you meet him in the clubs, you meet him everywhere, and go out of your way to meet him. Men of this kind are enjoying proofs of their popularity all over the Dominion. The Spectator is away off the track.

Any prejudice that may be said to exist against Englishmen in Canada has so far found expression only in two quarters. Farmers who come into town to hire help when a trainload of workers arrive from Great Britain, have been heard to say: "I don't want an Englishman," and at times an advertisement has appeared in the press for a porter or some such laborer, concluding with the words: "An Englishman need not apply." There is no prejudice that has found expression, except in these two forms. And the last thing that would enter the mind of either the farmer or the man who wrote that advertisement would be to explain his prejudice on the ground that he found Englishmen too silent, too reticent. The complaint they make is quite the reverse of that, and the point to be remembered is that there are Englishmen and Englishmen. Many of those who have come out here of recent years are not afflicted with the vice of silence. I asked a man who published such an advertisement as that spoken of why he had done so, and he replied that he had engaged two Englishmen in succession as porters, that in each case the man wanted to talk all day instead of attending to his work, that he knew everything and



A LIMERICK LIBEL  
A thoughtful-browed youth pitching hay  
Thought he ought to be getting more pay  
Said he, "I'll to College  
And get me some Knowledge  
To Prosper some easier way."

passes legislation similar to that enacted in vain by British Columbia, it will hold good, just as the Australian law of exclusion does good.

But Canada does not yet know what she wants in this and in many other respects. There will be wigs on the green before we have done.

FROM one end of Canada to the other the Liberal newspapers are discussing certain dark and mysterious phases of the Conservative campaign in the Dominion elections of three years ago. A declaration made by Mr. R. L. Borden, in favor of electoral purity, is supposed to have provoked this outburst. Most of the articles contain a list of questions that Mr. Borden should be called upon to answer—for instance, it is said that he should be invited to state the name of the maker of a note for \$100,000, which the manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Halifax refused to discount unless so instructed by his general manager. Other questions put forward are: Who telephoned the general manager and caused the necessary instructions to be issued? Who got the money? Who applied for the money, but had to produce a certificate of character before being entrusted with it? What became of two notes signed by William Mackenzie for \$20,000 each? How much did Hugh Graham contribute towards the Conservative campaign in the Maritime Provinces?

No doubt these and the other questions possess considerable point. They create the impression that the Conservatives in the last Dominion campaign had a con-

siderable fund of money for election purposes; and yet the result shows that the money did not purchase much. Most of it is dishonest money. It is subscribed secretly; it is meant to purchase an influence that money should be unable to buy. Most of it enters politics from improper sources; most of it quits politics by being stolen. Much of it enters doubtful constituencies in the breast pockets of a few men, and leaves the constituencies in the hip-pockets of the same men. This passing and indirect contact with boodle does not corrupt the grand old ridings of this country in any wide-spread way. It merely builds up the fortunes of a few men, and changes them from beer-drinkers into careful judges of champagne.

IN elections Money is a good deal of a blow-hard. It does not accomplish one-half of what it pretends to do. Most of it is dishonest money. It is subscribed secretly; it is meant to purchase an influence that money should be unable to buy. Most of it enters politics from improper sources; most of it quits politics by being stolen. Much of it enters doubtful constituencies in the breast pockets of a few men, and leaves the constituencies in the hip-pockets of the same men. This passing and indirect contact with boodle does not corrupt the grand old ridings of this country in any wide-spread way. It merely builds up the fortunes of a few men, and changes them from beer-drinkers into careful judges of champagne.

SPEAKING of the sweeping and sudden reprisals that are now made on Mr. Borden, when he follows the time-honored practice of Opposition leaders in saying a few kind words in favor of purity in elections, one naturally wonders what has happened of late to produce this outburst, and nothing much that could throw any light on it seems to have happened, except that Hon. Dr. Pugsley has come up from the Maritime Provinces to take a seat in the Ottawa Cabinet. Forthwith—it may be but a





**Our Very Human King**

More than interesting is this little picture of King Edward, taken at Marienbad. He is sitting out among the other visitors, drinking the famous waters, sipping it, as is the custom there, from a glass through a tube.

could be taught nothing. Ask an Ontario farmer why he says he does not want an Englishman as his hired help, and in nearly every case he will reply that it is because the man does not want to learn, but wants to teach—talks, complains, argues, tells you how things were done at home, and altogether is more trouble on the place than a breachy steer. In short any prejudice that exists against Englishmen has been occasioned by a mere handful of them—not silent ones, but over-talkative ones—who make the mistake of supposing that the Ontario farmer hires him to make conversation and to teach him how to farm, as they do it in London—where many of these men come from. Against Englishmen generally, the country is far from feeling any prejudice. But thousands of men of a type this country cannot evince a sudden affection for have arrived in the past few years—and they by no means give offence by showing a "silence," a "reticence," or a "reserve." In fact, England is most ready to send us by assisted immigration a class least adapted for export. Few of those who come over of their own accord fail to fit into the scheme of things in the new world.

WHEN Mr. Frank Arnoldi, K.C., presented to Mr. G. R. Cockburn his bill for defending him in the criminal proceedings resulting from the collapse of the Ontario Bank, the client told the lawyer that the bill was too high and would not be paid. In certain newspaper interviews, not repudiated, Mr. Arnoldi was represented as making statements that seemed to imply that the bank president had been acquitted, not necessarily because he deserved to be, but because of Mr. Arnoldi's extreme usefulness in his client's behalf. At the time, the remarks credited in the press to Mr. Arnoldi impressed me as the most unusual, concerning an action in the court of justice, that had ever appeared in Canadian newspapers.

Now the lawyer and his client are at law. The lawyer presents his bill at great detail, and includes in it many "interviews" with the Crown prosecutor and the presiding magistrate in the case.

Perhaps in making out the bill, which has been published at length in the Toronto press, Mr. Arnoldi did not intend to convey the impression that he, as lawyer for the defence in a criminal action, had used an out-of-court influence on the course of justice, yet if the wording of his bill is open to that construction, the Attorney-General should order an investigation. We all know that an "interview" in a lawyer's bill may have consisted in mighty few words. Yet this bill being as it is, it would be right for the Attorney-General to invite Mr. Arnoldi to indicate the nature of the service represented in some of the items, such as:

Prepared special brief for Mr. Corley as to questions to be asked.  
Long interviews with Messrs. Corley and Denison.  
Special interview with Crown Attorney Corley and Magistrate Kingsford.  
Long interview with defendant and attendance at Mr. Kingsford's house.  
Interviews with Messrs. Cockburn and Kingsford.  
Interviews with Messrs. Corley and Denison.

Seeing that this detailed bill, with its unusual items, is before the public, the courts and the Crown, it may be advisable for those entrusted with the administration of justice to enquire whether the open court occupies its former and rightful place in our system. It would be destructive of our faith in courts were the idea to get abroad that they are not what they seem, and that instead of open trials we get "justice by negotiation," or that influence counts, or that in the legal profession there are back stair lawyers who can advance arguments elsewhere than in open court. Men who lose expensive lawsuits are prone enough to rail against ours or any system of justice, and the faith of the people in the judiciary should be most carefully preserved.

When Joseph Phillips was standing trial in connection with the wreck of the York Loan, Crown Attorney Drayton read to the trial judge the following letter from the Attorney-General of Ontario:

"I learn from the liquidators of the York County Loan that Joseph Phillips has made full restitution, and has prevailed upon his friends to do the same, as set out in the letter of the 16th April from Mr. Curry (of which you have a copy), and that Phillips has rendered all assistance in his power in the winding up of the company. These facts should, I think, be made known to the trial judge, and I shall be glad if you will bring them to his notice accordingly."

Nex was read in court a letter from Mr. J. W. Curry, who had conducted the prosecution of Phillips, in which he recommended that "the prisoner's conduct in handing over the assets be taken into account when the matter comes up again." After the prisoner had been sentenced his counsel, Mr. J. E. Jones, claimed that he had not received the lenient treatment he had been promised. Denial was made that he had been promised anything. Yet, it would seem that justice through some of her agents had negotiated with a man resting under criminal indictment. In the Orangeville case there seems to have been negotiation and arrangement, dickering and bargaining, in private, with court proceedings that were purely formal. Where are we getting to?

NO question is of more importance in the home than the one that confronts the father when he considers what occupation he should place his son at. Sometimes the boy decides the question for himself by disclos-

ing some bent of mind that leads him in a definite direction, but as often as not the desire of the boy is one that cannot be gratified.

Those parents who are so fortunate as to be able to place their sons securely on ladders that lead somewhere, if only the young fellows will show a reasonable desire to climb, are not confronted with any such problem as are those who know that their boys will have to be dropped down in the midst of a struggle, from which very few ever emerge with an opportunity to climb any kind of a ladder. In cities, especially, parents do a great deal of worrying about means whereby they can give their sons a chance in the world. Some recent conversations on this subject have led me to offer a few observations. One great mistake is being made every day by parents in this city, and that is to allow a boy, or encourage him, to enter upon whatever employment will enable him to earn the most ready money. The boy can earn most where he can learn least that will be of value to him. Not only so, but he may have light duties, he may acquire a distaste for soiling his hands, and learn to dislike the discipline of labor. He may reach the age of twenty doing a boy's work, without having progressed at all towards the usefulness of a man. The best thing to do is to start a young fellow in the line he is destined to follow, for he will never care to go back to smaller wages in order to learn a useful trade.

When fault is being found with labor unions, one seldom hears their worst offence discussed. Their worst offence may fairly be considered to be their conspiracy against the welfare of their own sons. When unions arbitrarily restrict below the demands, or the possible demands, of trade the education of apprentices in skilled handicrafts, they close doors to sons of working people that were better left open, and force these boys to seek employments much less desirable. By this practice unions decrease the future efficiency of industry in a way that will, sooner or later, attract the attention of the State. Young fellows who cannot get openings to learn the trades they wish to learn, earn quick money in occupations that promise nothing for the future. In some lines where this arbitrary interference has been carried too far, Toronto employers have, against their wish, crossed the ocean and travelled the United States to find machinery that would displace hand work altogether. To be sure, work that machinery can do, machinery will do sooner or later, but this one cause brings it in sooner instead of later. Yet, to-day, in our cities, the best mechanical trades are kept so tightly closed against apprentices that the workmen of the future must come from abroad instead of from the homes of our own workpeople.

MACK.

#### Stories of Men of Genius.

SINCE the days when Diogenes kept house comfortably in a tub and Socrates ruined Xantippe's disposition by his neglect of the necessities of existence philosophers and scientists have rejoiced in a faculty which enables them to become so absorbed in the calculations and deductions of their new theories and discoverers that they can forget their surroundings.

An example of this quite recently has been M. Meuchot, to whom the world owes much of its present day knowledge of the effects of solar heat. A despatch from the French capital tells us that a short time ago, all Paris was horrified to learn that the dear old man "le pere Meuchot," as his pupils affectionately call him was in dire straits. It seems he came out of a profound reverie one day to find that his household effects were being sold over his head, and he watched in bewilderment the various articles of furniture being carried off to satisfy creditors, while his weeping family greeted each well loved piece with fresh tears. He thought himself in the depths of poverty, but refused all offers of help. However, friends looked into his affairs and found he had three years back pension that he had forgotten all about and eight years' royalties, which had also escaped his memory. So they have taken him in hand and are doing their best to get back his furniture and settle his financial affairs.

Many stories are told of the eminent scientist Ampere, whose capacity for blind reflection, so deep it made him absolutely oblivious to all around him, was a source of mingled amusement and concern to his friends. One day when he was walking along the street absorbed in seeking the solution of a problem which he had been occupying his attention for some time, he saw a watering cart ahead of him. Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket he commenced to cover the end of the barrel with figures. The cart moved slowly off and the professor walked after it, still busy with his calculations, till a sudden cold douche brought him to his senses.

Another time he was invited to a large dinner party at the house of M. De Fontane, grand master of the university. It was shortly after Ampere's election to the Institute of France and some of his acquaintances persuaded him he ought to go in his uniform as academician. Poor Ampere took them seriously, and acting on their advice was much embarrassed on his arrival to find that he was the only guest thus attired. He felt himself so ridiculous with his sword clanking about his legs that he determined to get rid of that encumbrance anyhow, and

taking it off he managed to slip over to a sofa and hide it behind some of the cushions.

By the time the dinner was finished the old gentleman had quite regained his self-possession and with it his interest in his work, and he suddenly commenced to make some calculations. Walking over to the fireplace he remained there quite unconscious of the people around him or, in fact, of anything except his problem. In due time the guests all took their departure and M. De Fontane went upstairs, while his wife agreed to wait down in the drawing room till Ampere should have finished, so that she could spare him any extra embarrassment. However, the time was long and the dinner had been a tiring affair, so the amiable lady dozed off on the sofa. In the meantime the scientist finished his figuring, woke to a knowledge of his surroundings and was horrified to find all the guests had gone. The only person visible was madam and she sleeping at her post. He resolved to slip out unnoticed, but wishing to secure his sword, he walked on tip-toe behind Madam De Fontane and tried to draw it gently from its hiding place under her head but, alas, he succeeded only in pulling it out of its scabbard. The slight movement awakened the lady, who was terrified to see Ampere bending over her with a naked sword in hand. Her shrieks aroused the household, and though the explanation was only a matter of seconds the scientist was so mortified that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could ever again be persuaded to accept a dinner invitation.

The late M. Berthelot was also a victim of acute absent mindedness. He was walking to his laboratory one day through a crowded street when one foot slipped from the curbing into the gutter. He did not notice the mistep and continued walking slowly along, one foot in the sidewalk, one in the gutter, deep in thought until a friend passing him said:

"Why, M. Berthelot, what is the matter? Why are you walking in this unusual fashion?"

"Ah," murmured the savant, looking at him dreamily, "I, too, have noticed that this morning I am slightly lame. I cannot imagine from what cause."

It is generally believed that the death of the famous Prof. Currie happened on account of his being engrossed in some problem and neglecting to watch where he was going. His moment of inattention and abstraction cost him dear, for he slipped and fell between the wheels of a dray.

#### The Balance of Beauty.

MEN have long been secretly of the opinion that the balance of real beauty lies with their own sex, but until now they have never had the hardihood to say so. But the claim has come at last and the title of the fair sex must be transferred from those who now so unjustly hold it.

Mr. Louis N. Parker, who is something in the dramatic profession and whose eye, therefore, is unusually keen for physical perfection, throws prudence to the wind and openly avows that while there are many good-looking women, "the average of beauty is greater on the male side." And Mr. Parker still lives. He has been amazed at "the superb, manly beauty of the men" in many of the towns where he has arranged dramatic pageants. Doubtless the men concerned will duly and suitably blush.

Madame Lallie Charles, who is a photographic artist of some celebrity, naturally takes a contrary view. She says "women are the beauty of life," and then she goes on to say that there is no question at all about it. She admits that occasionally she sees a beautiful man, but, alas! not often. At the best, his natural advantages are ruined by his hideous attire.

Another authority, and this time a man, is more judicial, as, of course, he would be. He says: "The whole gist of the matter is that posing and static beauty belongs to the woman, while kinetic and dynamic—the beauty of movement and power—is essential to men. Beauty need not be of the features at all. It may be in the personality, the voice, or particularly the expression."

The same authority goes on, unsolicited, to say that the ugliest thing to be seen upon our streets is the "business man's face," with the protruding, shark-like underjaw. However handsome his features may be, he can not be considered good-looking.

There is a good deal in what this critic says that is worthy of remembrance by every one who wishes to be beautiful, man or woman. Beauty, he tells us, need not be of the features at all. The beauty that has the greatest power to please is in the expression, and the beauty that does not please is probably quite misallied. And the expression is the permanent outward mark of a habit of thought. The power to be beautiful belongs, therefore, to every one, and it can be cultivated up to the point of charm and irrespective of the features with which it has pleased nature to endow us.

THERE are to-day in the United States about 10,000,000 negroes. This bare statement gives an outsider an idea of the size of the southern race problem in the Republic. Senator Tillman, a southerner, said the other day: "The negro realizes that he has the balance of political power in many states, especially in Delaware. There will be a time, not far distant, when the negroes and the whites will have each other by the throat, and one day we will wake up to hear of terrible butcheries in the South because of the hatred existing between the races."

THE United States newspapers are busily engaged in circulating and discussing rumors as to how Mr. Roosevelt will occupy himself when he leaves the White House. The latest of these rumors is to the effect that he will assume control of the New York Tribune, which is owned by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the present United States Ambassador at London. Wouldn't there be a stir in "little old New York" and throughout the Republic if there should prove to be truth in this report! Then would Mr. Harriman and all "undesirable citizens" fall upon evil days indeed.

THE heightened language of fiction is not required to make thrilling the story of the adventure of a laborer at Portage la Prairie, Man., the other day. John Hutchinson, a blaster, with a drill in one hand and a piece of dynamite in the other, was swinging himself on a rope ladder down into a quarry. Looking up he saw a big pilot snake, whose sting is deadly poison, pursuing him down the ladder. He dared not drop the dynamite. The chasm below was 150 feet in depth. So slipping the explosive into his pocket, he fought the snake in mid-air with the drill as best he might, signalling to be drawn up. He won the fight, but at the top he fell exhausted.

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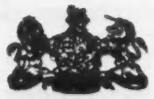
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ANY unnumbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 5 and 24, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.  
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.  
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORRY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.  
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"He's a very prominent member of our yacht club." "Indeed! What is his official capacity?" "Four gallons." —Life.

## THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. J. H. PLUMMER  
President Steel Co.

MONTREAL, Oct. 3.  
AN article of good deal of scope and also of a great deal of interest to Canadians generally is published in a recent number of the Political Science Quarterly. It deals with the iron and steel bounties of the Dominion, and brings out with clearness the tremendous benefits the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. and other corporations are receiving, and how, incidentally, the people of the Dominion are paying the piper. Beginning with the inauguration of the bounty system in 1883, under the late Conservative Government, the author, Edward Porritt, traces with clearness the vast benefits which have been heaped upon the iron and steel industries, not only in bounties, but in tariffs, exemptions from taxation, free water, reductions in royalty on coal consumed and numerous other taxes which the ordinary citizen has to pay, directly or indirectly.

"No government in the Anglo-Saxon world," says the author, "is more committed to protection and to bounties to industry than is that of the Dominion of Canada. In bounty legislation the Government at Ottawa has gone beyond all precedent, for by the tariff legislation of 1906-7 the people of Canada are committed until 1912 to bounties on the iron and steel industries alone which will aggregate between \$17,000,000 and \$20,000,000." Among other things the author shows that with the present bounty schedule in force the Government is paying each year more than enough money to pay the entire wage bill of the men who are producing the pig iron. He says: "A dollar in wages should go as far as at these (Canadian) plants as at any plant in the new or the old world. The labor cost at American plants varies according to locality, but with ore, coke and limestone on the ground (Canada has practically all these) the labor cost at Pittsburgh is between seventy and ninety cents per ton of pig iron. Even at the higher figure bounties on the scale of 1907-8—\$1.10 on pig from foreign ore—are more than sufficient to pay the labor bill at the Canadian furnaces." Up to the close of 1906 iron and steel bounties had cost the Dominion \$9,650,000, and up to that time the large corporations, such as the Algoma Steel Company and the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, had scarcely reached their maximum output.

The author, taking up the question of protection which the steel and iron industries are receiving from the Government in the way of a substantial tariff against foreign steel and iron, then begins to particularize as to the reasons why the Dominion Iron and Steel Company has not been a financial success. "As a dividend payer this stock (common) is valueless," he says, "and whatever may be the fate of the preferred, this common stock is not worth the cost of storage in a furniture warehouse, to say nothing of the cost of keeping it with a safe deposit company. Why there has been no dividends for the stockholders, it is not difficult to explain. Every vestige of Government largesse—bounties and tariff protection from the Dominion Government and orders in advance for steel railways from the railway department; exemptions from provincial taxation, from county taxation and from taxation of any part of the company's undertakings in any municipality in the county of Cape Breton, and the reduction by one-half of the royalties on coal from the Nova Scotia Government; exemptions from mining royalties from the Government of Newfoundland; a site free of charge; free water and exemptions from taxation by the municipality of Sydney—all these were regarded as assets by the Boston and Halifax promoters. All were alluringly set before investors, and just as much stock was issued as the public would take. By 1903, however, investors began to realize that Government largesse to an incorporated industrial enterprise does not necessarily mean dividends. It is inconceivable that a much larger output can be obtained from the existing plant than had been produced since the unit was completed in June, 1905. It is improbable that the demand for steel rails and wire rods will ever be keener than it has been since 1905, or that prices will be higher. It is equally improbable that Government largesse will ever exceed that which has been bestowed by bounty and tariff legislation at Ottawa since 1897. It is fair to conclude that the unit is earning as much as it ever can earn; that there can be no great increase in the earnings at Sydney until, by an enormous expenditure of capital, a second unit shall be added."

Mr. Porritt, the author of this article, which is exhaustive and well worth the close attention of anyone interested in the financial and industrial world, came to Canada from New England at the time the Tariff Commission sat some years ago. He attended the sessions from the beginning to the end, and then went into a painstaking research of the Dominion's iron and steel industries. Mr. Porritt's conclusion is that had the early promoters of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. and like corporations paid more attention to the installation of plant and not so much to stock jobbing, and trading upon assets, which of themselves were not dividend paying, but were more in the line of prospects, the iron and steel industries of Canada would now be on their feet in place of calling for the taxpayers of Canada to load them up with millions upon millions in bounties, not to speak of high protection in the form of tariffs.

TORONTO, Oct. 3.

THE local money market is not favorable at this time to bull activity in the stock market, neither is it favorable to new enterprises demanding large banking accommodation. Nevertheless, the general financial situation is stronger than it was three months ago. The conservatism on the part of lenders during the early summer months, has, as it were, saved the situation, and conditions have improved in consequence. The squeezing out of water in the capitalization of various concerns and the liquidation of trade accounts which were tainted with suspicion, have been helpful to the country at large, and strengthened the intrinsic worth of investment securities. The tendency towards a trade reaction is felt in some quarters, and there is but little doubt but that it will extend further. However, there are no signs of it in the general movement. The foreign trade of Canada has increased the past few months, and the domestic trade, which is reflected in the traffic movement of our railways, shows

no signs of decadence. It will be conceded, however, that if capital had been more plentiful, the railway returns would have been even larger than they have been. Railroad men, however, it is understood, look for some decrease within the next year. Exclusive of coin and bullion, the total foreign trade of the Dominion for the five months of the present fiscal year ended August 31, were \$265,867,000. The imports aggregated \$165,723,000, and the exports \$100,164,000. The imports for that period show an increase of \$30,738,000 over the corresponding five months of last year, while the exports show a decrease of \$122,600. The exports for the month of August were unusually large, being valued at \$27,652,000, an increase of nearly two millions over August, 1906. The imports for last August amounted to \$33,919,000, which was an increase of \$5,716,000 as compared with the same month of last year. The bank clearances at Toronto for the month of September make a remarkably good showing under present conditions. When it is remembered that Stock Exchange transactions were unusually restricted during the month, the clearings of \$87,625,000 as compared with \$84,964,000 for September of last year, \$85,769,000 for the same month of 1905, bear evidence of a most satisfactory volume of trade. For the nine months of the present year, bank clearings of this city were away ahead of previous years. They aggregated \$947,943,000 as compared with \$869,289,000 for the nine months of last year, and \$753,942,000 for the same months of 1905.

While the general stock market has been quiet and irregular, with no decided tendency in either direction, two securities stood out prominently in the eyes of speculators this week. The weakness of Canadian General Electric stock, which sold at 100 last Saturday, was the cause of much concern on the part of holders. Weakly margined accounts were wiped out by the late decline, and some heavy paper losses were made by the chief holders. To prevent further disaster, and to stay confidence, a pool, it is said, was formed to take all the stock offering around par, and the result was that there has since been a good advance in the price of the shares. The new issue of preferred stock has been delayed. It would probably all have been taken up by this time in London. When, however, it was fully ascertained that the preferred stock was preferred only in respect of dividends, the English bankers refused to proceed. The refusal of the London buyers to accept the new stock upon the basis which the shareholders were told the sale was being effected has produced a feeling of distrust among the holders of the common stock, and resulted in bringing its price to close to par this week. The alteration in the arrangements will make the change appear formidable to holders of the common stock, although there is no reason why the new issue should not in the first place have had all the preference which the shareholders are now asked to confer.

The other feature of the market was the movement of Canadian Pacific common stock. This issue is now rarely dealt in on the local market, the fact being that very little of the stock is held here. The dividend cheques for the six months were sent out from Montreal this week, and the amount paid to Canadians is said to be smaller than ever before. Holdings are chiefly in London and Berlin. There is also a scarcity of stock in New York, and once in a while the bears on Wall Street pay dearly for committing themselves to the short side of it. On Monday it was sold freely, and the stock dropped to 157. Then the fun began. Very little stock offering some of the canny bears began to bid for the stock to cover their short sales. As the stock advanced by quarters and halves it seemed to be scarcer than ever, and when 165 was reached in the afternoon of Monday the rumor of "corner" in C.P.R. got abroad. The stock then climbed rapidly to 171, and closed at 170, or an advance of \$13 a share from the lowest price of the morning. The next day it declined half a dozen points. Some of the Wall Street professionals, it is needless to say, got hit badly.

The United States bankers, who met at Atlantic City, have endorsed another plan for currency. It authorizes national banks to issue notes to an amount not exceeding 25 per cent. of their capital, which are not to be specifically secured by deposits of bonds at Washington, but are to be generally secured by the great mass of assets in the custody of the bank. This maximum of 25 per cent. of capital is limited by several other provisions—that the new notes issued by any bank shall not be in excess of 40 per cent. of its bonds to secure the old type of circulation; that such issues shall be taxed at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent., and part of them 5 per cent., and that against such notes reserves of lawful money shall be held in the same proportions as are required by existing law against deposits. When it is considered that the proceeds of the taxes are to constitute a guarantee fund to redeem the notes of failed banks, and that, according to past experience, they will cover such losses twenty or thirty times over, the plan cannot be described as lacking in conservatism.

The railways this season are in better shape than for several years to move the grain crops. The movement no doubt will be facilitated as much as possible by the bankers. Money is required in the West, and early shipments of grain to the seaboard may be expected. The grading of the receipts of new wheat in Winnipeg are better than had been expected, but some dealers say that this will change shortly when receipts are under way from the frozen sections. At this late date no authoritative statement can be made as to the yield of wheat in the Canadian Northwest. Estimates range from 60,000,000 to 40,000,000 bushels. The Lake of the Woods people say that the money value of this year's crop will be as great as that of last year's.

The Minneapolis branch of the American Society of Equity, or the Farmers' Union, in session at St. Paul,

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INTEREST PAID  
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**The Crown Bank of Canada**  
DIVIDEND NO. 7  
NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank, and that the same will be payable at the head office and branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st of October, 1907.  
The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th September, both days inclusive. By order of the board.  
G. DE C. O'GRADY,  
General Manager.  
Toronto, 27th August, 1907.

**MONEY ORDERS** **DOMINION EXPRESS CO.** **FOREIGN DRAFTS**  
TRAVELERS' CHEQUES  
Payable by Agents and Correspondents in All Parts of the World  
SAFE—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL  
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Capital Paid up \$1,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,183,713.23  
BEGIN NOW to prepare for the day of opportunity and independence by depositing your savings or unused funds where they will draw interest at the highest current rates.  
**\$1.00**  
Opens an account in the SAVINGS DEPARTMENT of the Metropolitan Bank. Interest compounded four times a year. No delay in withdrawal.

**The Fogs of Autumn**  
should not be marred by any regret on your part.  
When out motoring, golfing, etc., accidents are liable to happen. Keep an extra pair of glasses in case of emergency.  
See our Field and Opera Glasses from \$4.00 to \$15.00.  
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Mail your Kodak Films to us.  
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This collection is the most important which we have ever offered. Please write for catalogue.  
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**Imperial Bank of Canada**

Dividend No. 69

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of **eleven per cent.** (11 per cent.) per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

FRIDAY, THE 1ST OF NOVEMBER NEXT

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 19th to the 31st of October, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

**D. R. WILKIE, General Manager**  
Toronto, Ont., 18th September, 1907.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
**Guardian Assurance Co.**  
LIMITED  
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
Apply Manager, Montreal



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**"C.M.C." HOSE... SUPPORTERS**

DESCRIPTION—Sew-on top; satin hip tab; cable silk web elastic; sews on corset at the hip as well as the front; colors—black, white, pink and blue.

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**C. H. Westwood & Co.**  
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Manufacturers, Toronto

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15 bright, comfortable and private  
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Shampooing, Marcel-Waving, Face  
Massage and Manicuring.

Consult personally PROF. JULES &  
CHARLES for all ailments of the hair

The "Maison" Jules & Charles



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They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

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Limited  
447 Yonge St., Toronto

"Our train struck a bear on the way down." "Was he on the track?" "No; the train had to go into the wood after him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

voiced to hold wheat for \$1.25 a bushel, flaxseed \$1.30, oats 70 cents, rye 90 cents, timothy seed \$5.50 per hundred pounds, and hay \$20 a ton. The organization claims that members are holding considerable wheat in storage. Despite this action elevator and railroad men say the movement of grain there is limited only by a scarcity of cars.

London, in its endeavors to hold the bank's position in equilibrium, and to avoid the impairment usual at the autumn season, is meeting with some success. If one considers the Bank of England's ratio of reserve to liability, and reviews the season during recent years, he will find that between the latter weeks of August and the present date,

**Social and Personal**

THE deluge of last Saturday effectually put a damper on any excursions into the country, and, yielding to the weather, several proposed dinners and the reception and tea at the Q.O.R. new bungalow, at the Long Branch Rifle Ranges, were postponed or called off. The reception will take place this day week at the close of the meet, instead of on opening day, when Colonel Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt will welcome the friends invited for last Saturday. It is to be hoped the weather man will have repented during the fortnight, and will give us the finest October weather.

On next Friday, October 11, the distribution of prizes will take place at Upper Canada College, at half-past two o'clock.

Toronto friends received invitations last week to the marriage of Miss Harriett Wilmot Leverich, and Mr. Ralph Ernest Platt, which event will take place on Wednesday, October 16, at half-past two o'clock, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, with a reception to follow at the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Mr. and Mrs. Leverich, who are cousins of Mr. E. Strachan Cox, spent some months here at different times, and lived for one winter in 545 Jarvis street, where they were most hospitable and charming to their friends. Miss Leverich is a remarkably handsome girl, and will doubtless make a stunning bride on the 16th. Allowing for the difference in time between London and Toronto, many a marital cup of tea or coffee drunk in Toronto will be honored with a wish for all good things to the fair bride in London.

On Saturday, October 19, will be celebrated in St. George's Church the marriage of Miss Henrietta Hamilton, daughter of Mrs. Hamilton Moore, and Mr. Richard Allport Baines, the ceremony taking place at half past two, and being followed by a reception at the apartment of Mr. H. C. Macbeth, Osgoode Hall.

Mrs. William Roaf has gone to Vancouver on a visit to her son. After spending some time there she will go to California for the winter. Her Toronto friends regret to learn that she will not return here, but reside permanently on the West Coast.

Mrs. Broughton, wife of Mr. Reginald Broughton, Bank of Montreal, is spending the winter in England.

An interesting Belleville wedding took place last week in St. Thomas' Church, the rector officiating. The bride was Miss Edna Charteris Bird, only daughter of Mr. Alfred Bird, and the groom was Mr. Bertrand R. Nisbet, son of Mr. R. A. Nisbet, of Toronto. Mr. Bird brought his daughter in and gave her away, and very well she looked in her beautiful chantly and Brussels lace gown, with pipe of satin under chignon, veil and orange blossoms and shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. Miss Edna Chapin, of Montreal, was maid of honor, in a white net gown over taffeta, trimmed with pale shades of blue and pink, white felt hat with pink roses, and bouquet of pink roses. Miss Isabel Nisbet, of Toronto, sister of the groom, and Miss Bessie Spangenberg, of Belleville, were bridesmaids, in pink silk mull over taffeta with Dresden ribbon sashes, and short tulle veils. Their bouquets were of pink carnations. Mr. Wilfred Watson was best man, and the ushers were Mr. James Wallace, Mr. Arthur Northrop and Mr. Clifford Walker. On their return from their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet will reside at 103 Woodlawn avenue.

Mr. Laurence Buchan returned to Montreal last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, of Montreal, were in town for a few days, and registered at the King Edward. They returned to Montreal on Tuesday.

Mrs. Mitchell, of Boston, who has been up in Haileybury with her sons, returned south this week, spending a brief visit in Toronto, at the King Edward. Mrs. T. Alfred Jones has also been down from Haileybury, stopping with her husband's relatives in Madison avenue. All the Haileybury people are most hopeful and enthusiastic over that part of the country, which certainly agrees with them.

Miss Rowand and Miss Dora Rowand have returned from England, and are expected here to-morrow.

On Monday Mrs. Edmund Cowdry gave a very charming tea at her home in Queen's Park, at which a large gathering of ladies very much enjoyed one of the first teas of the season. Mrs. Cowdry was assisted by her daughter-in-law, a handsome and attractive Irish lady, and by her two daughters, the Misses Cowdry. The tea-table was done with pink flowers, and among the guests were a number of the debutantes, chaperoned by proud mothers and looking very pretty and happy.

Miss Ethel Palin is stopping with Mrs. Victor Armstrong, at Stranahone, Hanlan's Point, where the family will abide until the twentieth.

Mrs. Sankey and her family moved into town from the Island on Thursday. Miss Norah Sankey is having a glorious time in England.

Mrs. Ruttan, who has been at Rendezvous with Mrs. Armstrong, and visiting Mrs. Henderson at "Winnipeg," Hanlan's Point, is returning to Port Arthur this week.

The reception at Government House last week, in honor of the Manufacturers' Association and their ladies, was largely attended. His Honor Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark received on the terrace, with Major Macdonald in attendance. Lady Clark wore a lovely orchid velvet gown

the percentage fell last year from 51 to 42, and in 1905, from 46 to 40. This year, the highest August ratio was 50 per cent.; yet even with the fall of 1 per cent. reported last week as compared with the previous week's statement, the percentage now stands at 51. This is a plain enough result of maintenance of the 4 per cent. minimum discount rate at the bank since August 15, in the face of a rate at private banks nearly 1 per cent. below it. Perhaps the directors took a leaf from the book of 1890, when a midsummer 5 per cent. bank rate was reduced to 4 on August 21, only to be restored to 5 in the last week of September, and to be hastily marked up to 6 when the thunderclouds of the Baring disaster were gathering.

and much handsome white lace, a white hat and a soft white wrap of bear skin, made in pelisse shape. The Misses Mortimer Clark did much to add to the pleasure of the guests by their cordial and tactful welcome and attentions, and Mr. Douglas Young was the most attentive of aides. The large marquee set up on the sunken lawn was well stocked with good things, and a host of waiters served them expeditiously. The Q.O.R. band played on the platform set for them on the south limit of the lawn. About half-past five Sir Wilfrid Laurier looked in on the gay scene, and was welcomed with great heartiness by everyone. Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. George, Mr. and Mrs. Seeley Brush, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Andrew Darling, Miss Field, of Belleville, Major Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Ballantyne, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were among the many persons at this pleasant event, which was, of course, mainly for the out of town members of the association.

Mrs. Ellis, of Borneo, will remain some weeks longer with her mother, Mrs. Armstrong, and with her husband will go to England in November.

Mrs. and Miss Lawlor have returned from Centre Island to town.

"What does Sir Wilfrid manufacture?" asked a merry guest from the West, at last week's garden party. "Platforms," said a busy man—hurrying by with his hands full of coffee cups!

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Murray and their family have returned from Jackson's Point, where they had a very pleasant summer home.

The engagement of Mr. Reginald Parmenter and Miss Alice Hargraft, of Winnipeg, is announced.

Miss Adele Harman, daughter of Mr. George Harman, will make her debut this season. Miss Olive Buchanan, daughter of Mr. J. O. Buchanan, will also come out this fall. Miss Lorna Murray, of Brunswick avenue, and Miss Clare Corson will also, I hear, be debutantes of this season.

Several very large and smart weddings occupy the mind of society this month. This week the occasion *par excellence* was the marriage of Miss Gladys Nordheimer and Mr. Bertram Denison, and the event was worthy of the beautiful old church in which it was held, and of which the bride's family have been staunch members for a very long time. St. James' Cathedral is particularly suited for grand weddings, and its mellowed light is admirably brightened by gorgeous uniforms.

At the Princess on Tuesday night the world and his wife and family were delighted over Peter Pan, the whimsical and exquisite vehicle by means of which that dainty bit of artistic perfection, Maude Adams, exploits her charms of mind and body. So many wondering children of the best class never sat open-mouthed as his week before the Princess stage. Children and very wise and tender-hearted grown folk grasp the full charm of Barrie's lovely imaginings. There were several box parties. Mr. and Mrs. William Laidlaw and Miss Laidlaw and a girl friend from Hamilton occupied one box. In one of the stage boxes was an Ottawa lady, Mrs. Bob Fleming, looking very handsome in palest green, with a little bandeau of diamonds in her raven hair. Miss Florence Taylor was with her, and the two handsome women were being greeted with many smiles and nods by their Toronto friends. Mrs. Fleming returned last on Wednesday.

Mrs. George Taylor of Ottawa and Miss Taylor are on pension at 91 Bloor street west for the present.

Among those at the Princess on Tuesday night were: Mrs. John D. Day of Strathern and her four children, the eldest, Margaret, a thoughtful girl, the son and heir, and the handsome twins in their kilts. Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland and Miss Ireland, Mr. Cawthra of Guiseley House, Mr. W. S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hood of Woodstock, Mr. Stuart Grier, Mr. and Miss Langmuir, Miss Georgie Thorburn, were some others vastly enjoying the charming presentation.

Mrs. Van Straubenzee received this week for the first time in her apartments in "Spadina Gardens," Spadina road, on the "neighborhood day," Friday.

Miss Mary Simpson, daughter of Mr. R. M. Simpson, Toronto, and Mr. John Oakley, were quietly married on Tuesday in the Church of the Holy Innocents, New York, Rev. Father O'Keefe being the celebrant priest. Mr. Simpson gave his daughter away, and her sister, Miss Georgie Simpson, was her attendant. Mr. Frederick Nicholls was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Oakley will reside in Mackenzie crescent on their return to Toronto after the honeymoon.

There have been several small teas and luncheons for the brides of this and next week, but when large weddings are in train the necessary preparations are so extensive that not much time is left at the last moment for entertaining. A tea at Stanley Barracks gathered the Denison-Nordheimer wedding party for a pleasant hour one day this week, and Miss Nordheimer also entertained her bridesmaids at luncheons.

Mr. Le Grand Reed and Mr. Baxter have returned from their shooting trip.

Miss Jennie Fielding has returned to Ottawa. Mrs. and Miss Susie Cassells have returned from England.

**WHY IT IS SAFE**

Capital and Surplus are the most important factors in determining the strength of a financial institution. This Corporation has:  
**\$6,000,000.00 Capital, \$2,500,000.00 Surplus**  
That is to say, that between the depositor and any possible loss there is a fund of EIGHT AND ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS.  
The total assets of the Corporation on Dec. 31st, 1906, were \$26,206,337.84.

Interest at three and one-half per cent. per annum is credited to all Deposit Accounts four times a year

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If you have any shortcomings as regards your hair rest assured your appearance can be considerably enhanced by placing yourself in our hands.

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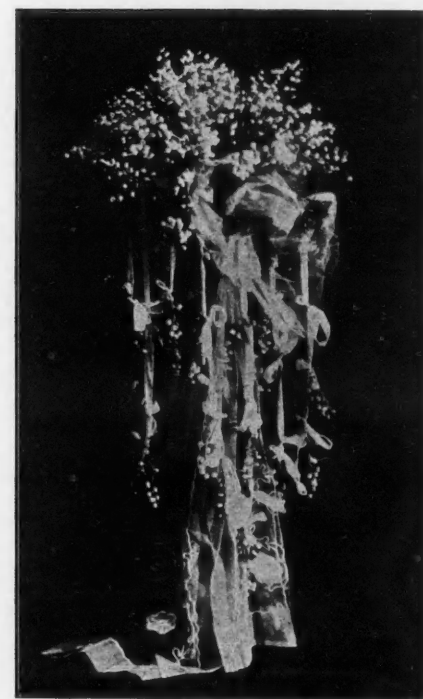
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J. S. Simmons makes a specialty of decorating.  
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The following comprise but a few of our large and varied assortments of Clarets:

House	Per Case	Quart.	Pint.
Hanappier & Co.	\$5 00	50	30
Clos St. Charles	6 00	50	30
Chateau Du Roc	7 75	75	40
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These Wines are bottled specially for us at Hanappier & Co.'s Vineyards, Bordeaux.

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"The knowledge that you are NOT eating alum, lime, ammonia and acid in your food—should count for a great deal."

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skipper, after sending away one or two of the dishes:

"Thank heaven we shall be able to dine on shore this evening and have a decent meal."

The shore was the barren rocks of Aden, and the only place to dine outside the club was a miserably dirty third-rate hotel, with the thermometer registering 102 degrees in the shade and the flies and mosquitoes appalling.

If you take your ticket in London you can travel under the same company's flag from the Mersey to the landlocked harbor at Hong Kong, across two great oceans and a continent. You may find yourself opposite to a type who cuts up a blanc-mange with a knife and fork and has never used a finger bowl before—but you will be unfortunate if you do, for the surroundings and those you are with help materially to the enjoyment of a meal. Every year sees some great hotel or restaurant opened and a floating palace launched, and yet Canada is not behind the world with the Chateau Frontenac, or the places of rest in the mountains, where the trout come straight from the streams, and the comforts of a home are apparent—or at the oval tables of an Empress carrying you from Liverpool to the ancient fortress of Quebec; or on board the clipper built white painted ocean yachts which carry you from Vancouver to the China Sea.

With one or two little exceptions any person should be content—which reminds me of the voice coming daily from the next cabin at 7 a.m.: "Steward, if this is tea, bring me coffee," and the band on a North German Lloyd which played as we entered the harbor at Yokohama and Fiji came in sight away up in the clouds—for the music spoiled the dinner, especially the dessert, and the aftermath, which was the first sight of Japan.

The Arabs eat only because it is necessary, and a devout Mohammedan will never feed until he has knelt on his holy carpet with his face towards Mecca, after the sun has dropped below the horizon. Of all the places that an Englishman likes best it is perhaps in his club in London at a favorite table in the window listening to the good old street music and the hansoms slurring through the mud outside.

Toronto, Sept. 25.

Your London "bus-driver," says Ford Madox Hueffer in England and the English, takes his days off sitting on the front seat of an omnibus with his head close to that of the driver at work, just as the sailor lounges round harbors, glances along ropes with quieted but still professional eyes. He gets in this way the feeling of leisure "rubbed in" and, without anxieties, his mind is kept employed by the things he best understands. And it is because in London there are so many things to see, so many anecdotes to be retailed, such a constant passing of material and human objects, that London holds us. I do not know that it really sharpens our wits. I fancy that it merely gives us more accidental matters on which to display them, more occurrences to which to attach morals that have been for years crystallized in our minds. I was listening to the observations of two such "bus drivers. They were like this: of a red-nosed four-wheel driver: "Now then, old danger signal!" To a driver of a very magnificent state carriage:

"Where are you going with that glass hearse?" Of a very small man conducting a very tall lady across the road: "I reckon he wants a step-ladder when he kisses her good night!" Whereupon the driver who hadn't made the remark muttered: "Just what I was going to say, Bili. You took the very words out of my mouth." Thus these famous witticisms of the London streets are largely traditional and common property. No doubt London breeds a certain cast of mind by applying men's thoughts to a similar class of occurrences, but the actual comments float in the air in class and class.

What is success and in what does it consist? In heaping up accumulations of money and property by over-reaching the public and crushing competition? In greasing the axles of progress with the blood of the poor and the ignorant? In adding to the doubts, and thereby increasing the misery of the people of the nations of the earth? Or does it consist in living a clean and wholesome life, in making the troubles of your neighbor your own, in avoiding envy and all forms of covetousness, and in thanking heaven for what you have, however small a portion that may be? . . . There can be no form of real success that does not bring some sort of aid and comfort to humanity, that does not make people a little happier, a little more contented than they were before, that does not uplift, in some sort, the soul which the German professor could not find in his cadavers and that does not bring joy and content from the shallow well of life. But then, what, after all, is success? . . . Worry of one sort and another is necessary to the complete health of the spirit; worry is as surely related to content on one side as it is to misery on the other. It is as wholesome an exercise for the spirit and as refreshing as the physical exercise which the man finds so necessary to his well-being. The spirit must have its peculiar gymnastics; the soul cannot afford to become stagnant; its waters, if one may say so, must be stirred occasionally if they would be kept fresh and sweet.—Uncle Remus's Magazine.

Dr. Ludwig Lazare Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto, who has been having such a marked reception at the Congress of Esperantists at Cambridge is by birth a Russian, and was born at Bialystok, in 1859. When quite a young man, says M. A. P., he became interested in the question of a universal language, owing to the racial hatred which existed among the mixed population of his native place. Before he put forward Esperanto, however, he had practically completed another language, but this did not appear very successful, and it was not until 1887 that the now popular Esperanto was presented to the public. At first, like most innovations, it met with but scant attention, but, as its merits began to be recognized, it quickly leaped into fame, and its clever inventor became a celebrity. Last year, at the Esperanto Congress at Geneva the people went almost crazy over the new tongue. The doctor was treated as a popular hero, and he even received some offers of marriage. Various commodities were nick-named after the language, and a number of the shopkeepers in the neighborhood hung up notices to the effect that Esperanto was spoken inside. Dr. Zamenhof is a doctor of medicine, and practises as an oculist at Warsaw.

Speaking in the House of Commons a few days ago, Winston Churchill, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, announced that the Government had decided to build 400 miles of railroad in Northern Nigeria, from Baro, by way of Bida, Zungeru, and Zaria, to Kano, with the object of developing the colony and especially the cotton-growing industry. The work of construction will be intrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edouard P. C. Girouard, and will take four years.

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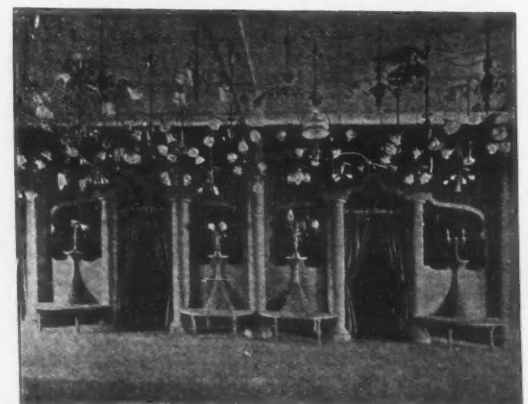
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An expert staff of artists and engravers together with our unexcelled mechanical equipment, makes it possible to produce the finest society stationery at most moderate prices.

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We invite inspection and enquiry.  
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Remove lines, wrinkles and scars, fill out hollows, purify the complexion and keep the young face young and make the old face younger. You will be delighted at the benefit derived from a course of these soothing and restful treatments.

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moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., eradicated forever by our method of electrolysis.

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## Young Canadians Serving the King

LXX.



MAJOR REGINALD JAMES MACDONALD,  
Royal Garrison Artillery. Graduate Royal Military  
College of Canada, 1887.

### Social and Personal

THE marriage of Mr. Bertram Noel Denison, King's Own Yorkshire Regiment, second son of Rear-Admiral Denison, and Miss Gladys May Nordheimer, elder daughter of Mr. Albert Nordheimer, took place on Wednesday, at half-past two o'clock, in St. James' Cathedral. There have been many beautiful weddings in the old cathedral, but for finish of detail and dignity this one easily took the palm. The seating of the guests was perfectly carried out, and most of them were in excellent time, and, listening to soft music, admired the scarlet gladioli and great palms which screened the chancel. The bride's relatives occupied the seats on the left, and the groom's family were on the right, while a perfect garden of beautiful women in their prettiest gowns and hats, and a large number of men were in the guest seats, which reached down the wide centre aisle. Admission by ticket at the side doors was allowed to a vast crowd of those anxious to see what is always a bright and impressive event, a military wedding. Scarlet-coated soldiers lined the aisle, and a number of friends and relatives of the bride and groom came in uniform. The six ushers, three in scarlet and three in dark coats, with the handsome trappings of their different corps, gallantly escorted the guests to their places, and at the arrival of the bride's procession brought up the rear instead of leading. They were Lieutenant Victor Nordheimer, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Captain B. C. White Ordnance Store Corps; Lieutenant C. E. Pepler, Royal Grenadiers; Lieutenant A. W. Jamieson, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery; Lieutenant W. W. P. Gibbons, Royal Canadian Regiment, and Lieutenant H. Eden Smith, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. Very slowly the fairy bride, sumptuously gowned in white satin covered with pearl and silver embroidered chiffon with an immense court train of satin, lined with silver tissue, borne by the little Misses Leah McCarthy and Mary Langmuir, was led in by her father. Murmurs of admiration greeted her as she glided up the aisle to the altar, where the bridegroom in scarlet and gold with his best man and cousin, Captain W. W. Denison, Governor General's Body Guard, in dark blue and silver, awaited her. The bride's bouquet was all white, showers of roses and lilies falling from her tiny hand, and her veil was of tulle, with a light crown of orange blossoms. After her, carefully carrying the splendid train, came her two little maids, in *bebe* frocks of soft white satin, reaching to the ground, and quaint Gretchen caps of white with rosettes of narrow ribbons over the ears. The six bridesmaids were as graceful and charming a group of girls as ever attended a bride. Miss Yvonne Nordheimer was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Audrey Denison, sister of the groom; Miss Maud Denison, his cousin; Miss Athol Nordheimer, cousin of the bride; Miss Naomi Morrison, Miss Gwynneth Tate, of Lakefield, and Miss Kathleen Kirchhoffer, of Brandon. Their exquisite white satin gowns were banded and breasted with white satin, and small puffed lace sleeves and guimpes were added. Each carried a huge bouquet of vivid scarlet carnations sashed with red ribbons, and fringed with lily of the valley. The maids' hats were large, broad brimmed shapes of white felt, edged with broad white satin and smartly trimmed with pleated flaring bows of satin on broad bands encircling the high crowns. They were immensely becoming to the piquant young ladies, and the bridal group at the chancel was really a thing of beauty. His Lordship, the Bishop of Niagara, assisted by Canon Welch, performed the ceremony, and during the signing of the register Master Donald Lawson sang the solo, in an anthem composed by the father of the bride. The full choir was in attendance, singing a processional hymn as the bride's procession entered the church and rendering a choral service. A reception was given at the home of the bride's father, 97 St. George street, at which the decorations were in white and scarlet garlands of carnations and roses being wreathed over the door of the drawing-room where the bride and groom stood. Mr. Nordheimer received in the anteroom and the guests passed on to greet the young couple, and pay many compliments to the pretty maids, who stood on their left attended by the best man and ushers. Several rooms held the bridal gifts, of magnificent beauty and value, prominently placed being a very elegant clock given by the warrant officer, the Non-Coms, and men of the R.C.R. at the Fort. Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, gave the bride a beautiful sapphire and diamond brooch. The officers' gift was a handsome silver salver. Mr. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, gave the bride a cheque and a beautiful silver and art glass fruit stand. Mr. and Mrs. Hood of Woodstock presented her with a lovely little clock in a case. The Misses Nordheimer, of

Glenedyth, gave a beautiful silver soup tureen and ladle. Many handsome cases of jewels, dozens of dainty china cups and saucers, a darling little silver tea service, glass and rock crystal, a table full of brass and many lovely pictures, electroliers, a family bible from Bishop DuMoulin, wood carving from a man who excels in that art, silver of all designs, and for all uses. Such were some of the gifts with cheques from relatives far across the sea, which will help to make beautiful the new home of the bride. The Bishop of Niagara proposed the health of the bride and groom in an eloquent little speech, his ready tongue and warm heart uniting in such a tribute to his long time child and girl parishoner as one seldom listens to. The groom responded, in a manly and clever speech, and proposed the health of the bridesmaids, which was drunk with three rousing cheers. The dejeuner was served in a succession of big marquees on the wide lawn in rear of the house, and even so many hundreds of guests found ample space to comfortably enjoy it. D'Alesandro's orchestra played on the lawn, and when the bride had cut the cake with the bridegroom's sword, she slipped away to change her lovely gown for a very smart white cloth travelling suit, touched with emerald, velvet and with which she wore a white hat and a handsome set of mink. Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Denison have gone to Washington and the Southern States for their honeymoon, and on their return will reside in Roxborough street. A few of the many guests at their wedding were: Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Denison, Miss Joycelyn Denison, Colonel and Mrs. and Miss Denison, of Heydon Villa, Mrs. Denison, the Misses Denison and the Messrs. Denison, of Rusholm, Colonel and Mrs. Sepimus and Miss Dorothy Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence and Miss May Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Delamere and Miss Denison, Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. George Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Nattress, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Venkoughnet, Mr. Ernest Venkoughnet, Mrs. and Miss Machray, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mr. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. and the Misses Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Miss Annie Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mrs. and Miss Morrison, and Mr. Percy Manning, Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Weston Brock, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. Yarker, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mrs. Aubrey Heward and her mother, who is visiting her. Mr. Sewart Grier, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Miss Pearl Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Adele Harman, Mrs. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. Walker Bell, Mr. Scott-Harden, Dr. Lang, Mrs. Colin Campbell, Colonel and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, the Misses Kerr, of Rathnelly, Colonel Hall, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. Brefney O'Reilly, Dr. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Whyte Fraser, Mrs. DuMoulin, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Colonel Smith of London, and scores of others, whom space and memory fail to record. Mr. Albert Nordheimer gave a delightful dinner for the bridal party at the King Edward, and a box party at the Princess, where the gay little coterie enjoyed Peter Pan.

Mrs. George W. Ross will receive at her home, 3 Elmsley place, on the second and third Tuesday in October and on the first Tuesday in November.

Mrs. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, gave a dinner dance on Thursday, at which the young set had a charming evening.

The marriage of Miss Rosamund Fuller, daughter of Mrs. Charles Fuller, of Rosedale, and Rev. Mr. Gay, is, I believe, to take place next month.

The visit of the Countess of Warwick to America recalls a glimpse of her which I had one evening while visiting in Warwick. The castle was open to tourists, and a cycling party spent an hour or so inspecting it. A very beautiful painting of the Countess by a famous French artist was greatly admired, and the guide, an ex-soldier, who had been on the Soudan expedition said, in answer to a remark: "Not flattery at all, lady. If you care to see for yourself just wait a bit after these people are gone. The Countess is driving and will be home about six, and you'll see for yourself the loveliest woman God ever made." Through the great gate, between the high walls, the carriage duly rolled, and as the guide saluted the "loveliest woman" gave him a bright smile and nod, and truly she was a picture radiant and alert and adored by all her dependents. Whether she has sacrificed her "bloom of youth," scurrying about after socialistic enterprises, those who see her on this visit may be able to say. In the days of her furore in England she was a dream of loveliness.

A very pretty September wedding was solemnized on Wednesday morning, at ten-thirty o'clock, at Maple Lodge, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Vermilyea, Belleville, when their only daughter, Helen Amelia, was married to Dr. James Albert Faulkner, B.A., of Foxboro, by the Rev. J. P. Wilson. The ceremony took place in the drawing room under an arch of smilax and huge belts of asters. The bride wore a Parisian gown of Chantilly lace over chiffon and satin, draped with beautiful old rose point, with conventional veil and orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of lily of the valley and bridal roses. The maid of honor was Miss Elsa Scarff, of Montreal, and the bridesmaids were Miss Mollie Vermilyea, of Belleville, and Miss Josephine Trony, of Vancouver. They were gowned alike in cream silk *crepe de chene* over yellow taffeta, and carried lovely bouquets of Sunset roses. The best man was Dr. Lyman Lauchland, B.A., of Dundas, and the ushers were Mr. Frederic Rich, of Rochester, N.Y., and Mr. Harold Vermilyea, B.A., brother of the bride. The groom's gift to the bride was an Oriental pearl ring, and to the bridesmaids signet rings. The bride's gifts to the best man and ushers were pearl scarf pins. Dr. and Mrs. Faulkner left at noon for New York, Washington and Atlantic City. The bride's going-away dress was a plum colored tailor-made with hat to match.

The death of Mrs. Edmund Wragge, which occurred on Tuesday, at her home, 115 Madison avenue, was the closing of a long and serious illness, which had secluded the deceased lady for a very long time. Her devoted husband and daughter have the sympathy of all their friends in this bereavement.

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### JAHN & SON'S SHAMPOO POWDER

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### In the Far North-West

Men Who Are Making Long Journeys and Blazing New Paths Through Little Known Regions of Canada.

**A**BOUT a month ago a party led by F. C. Cromwell left Edmonton for Prince Rupert, the Pacific terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific, going by way of the Yellowhead Pass. They set out with pack horses and travelled in this way to the Yellowhead, where the horses were sent back to Edmonton in charge of the famous scout "Jack." The distance of 384 miles to Tete Jaune Cache was made in twenty-two travelling days, which was regarded as very good going. The balance of the journey to Prince Rupert will be made by canoe. The party reports, says the Bulletin, that the Indian scouts are busy spearing salmon and the party have plenty of fresh fish, a welcome change after a month of bacon. Game was found to be very scarce, and only one bear was seen on the whole trip. For the benefit of other travellers it may be said that supplies can be secured at Fort George, and there is also a good store at Tete Jaune Cache where goods may be had at the following prices: Flour per hundred pounds, \$35; bacon, per hundred pounds, \$50; sugar, per hundred pounds, \$50; salt, per lb., 35c.; canned milk, per can, 75c.; tea, per lb., \$1. These prices, while they may seem a little high to householders in older Canada, are deemed very reasonable to men who have been a month on the trail and who know what it costs to pack goods over long distances and hold them in readiness for customers who bob up at long intervals.

**R**OBERT HOERSCHGEN, who recently had a boat built in Edmonton, in which he journeyed from that city down the Saskatchewan to Lake Winnipeg, and down the Red river to Winnipeg, has decided to leave at once for the north again, accompanied by Charles Andrews, a rover like himself, whom he picked up at Cumberland House on his way down. They propose to take steamer from Selkirk to Warren's Landing, and go down the Nelson river to Hudson's Bay. As much as possible of this journey will be made in the boat built in Edmonton, and when the ice prevents further travel in this way, recourse will be had to dog sleighs and the trip continued to Fort Churchill. From that point they will go as far north as time permits, exploring Keewatin. They expect to pick up their boat on the way back and return to Winnipeg not later than June next. The trip is undertaken for pleasure, for adventure, and to see if they cannot stumble across some information about the north country that will be worth while.

**"S**OME of us were a bit nervous I will admit, but it was a 'groundhog case,' and we couldn't be bluffed by a woman," said Mr. Alfred Frank, a Butte, Mont., mining engineer, at the Hotel Vancouver the other night in relating the thrilling experience he recently had in making the descent of the dreaded Kitsalas Canyon on the Skeena river in a frail Indian canoe. The other participants were Mrs. W. W. Leach, of Vancouver, wife of a member of the Dominion Geological Survey, who has been engaged in field work near Hazelton all summer; W. B. Orem, state geologist of Montana; Mr. T. E. Jefferson, a Butte attorney and mining operator, and Howison brothers, mining men of Victoria.

"After the wreck of the Northwest on the lower reaches of the river we realized that steamboat navigation was settled for this season, and so we decided to make the trip to Port Essington in canoes. We secured Indians and made a rapid run all the way down stream. One of our passengers was Mrs. Leach, whose courage and intrepidity we soon had occasion to respect. As we neared the angry waters at Kitsalas Canyon, the scene of so many fatal accidents, we were notified by the Indian paddlers that we would have to make a landing and portage our canoes around the rapids. Not one of us thought of dissenting after the steersman had related gruesome tales of the hundreds of victims claimed by the angry waters until Mrs. Leach, an attentive listener, spoke up.

"I think it would be real fun to run the rapids. Who is afraid? I am not. Let the nervous ones be landed. I am willing to run the risk," spoke up Mrs. Leach with a smile. "What could we do? Surely we were not going to show the white feather. 'I'll go,' said one. 'So will I,' chorused two others. 'Count me in,'

timidly assented another. Well, we were in for it. The passage of those angry waters was made in safety, but I will be content with one experience. We had a close call. Through it all Mrs. Leach looked the least concerned of all, and laughed with glee as we scraped several ugly-looking rocks in the narrow channel."

Mr. Frank was in the Telqua Valley district examining coal and copper claims on behalf of his principal, Mr. F. Augustus Heinze, the millionaire mining operator. Mr. Heinze owns an interest in those various propositions, his associates being Mr. Jefferson and Messrs. Howison. It is said that Mr. Heinze contemplates purchasing a controlling interest. The various properties were carefully sampled.

Mr. Orem, state geologist of Montana, is enthusiastic over the copper showings. He states that the Telqua district will surpass Butte in copper production within the next ten years. Transportation facilities, of course, are lacking, but will be afforded by a branch line of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Some of the anthracite coal he examined runs 87 per cent. in fixed carbon, this being exceptionally high grade. During the past season Mr. Heinze and associates expended \$30,000 in development on the copper group.

The party brought down word that the bodies of the three white men recently drowned in the Skeena river had been recovered. The victims included Mr. James Dibble, a mining man, who was coming out to close a deal for the sale of a group in the Babine country, and Mr. E. Williams.

On Saturday night of last week the express car from the north carried eighty-five bales of furs from the great wild north, for the London sale. Hundreds of bales have already gone, and hundreds are still to come. Thousands of furs of beaver, mink, musk ox, otter, etc., worth probably millions of dollars, are being shipped to Montreal preparatory to being loaded on shipboard to be taken to London. They are all being held at Montreal until the full consignment has arrived.

**C**OLONEL TALBOT, M.P., the well known Quebec politician and financier who, some years ago, organized the Trans-Canada Railway, which gave place to the Grand Trunk Pacific, has just returned to Calgary, after a strenuous summer of exploration in the far north. Early last May Col. Talbot left Calgary at the head of a prospecting party in search of coal deposits. Having the good fortune to have with him a Government geological surveyor, as well as other resolute assistants, the colonel was able to hit upon some very fine deposits of coal, in the region some 300 miles northwest of Calgary, and about 275 miles southwest of Edmonton. He located for the German-Canadian Development Company, and expects rich returns from the proposed mines there. As the colonel remarked to a reporter: "We will have in that country another Crow's Nest Pass, as far as coal is concerned."

Col. Talbot and party had a hard fight with mosquitoes and flies. The colonel had some things to say about a man at Morley who had told him mosquito veiling would be a superfluity and an encumbrance on the trip. He said the mosquitoes were so thick that they simply covered you. You could brush a few thousand off the back of your hand, and in two seconds there would be several more thousands back again. Then came the bulldogs, and after them the black flies. The bulldogs would simply bite a chunk out of you before you could hit them.

Some nights the flies were so bad that the horses could not feed, and big smudges had to be built. A hole three feet deep was dug, and a big fire of green wood made in it. A fence was placed around it. One night the horses were so crazy to get in the protection of the smoke that one was pushed into the fire, and before he could be rescued he was so badly burned that he had to be shot.

The party ran short of provisions, but fortunately a small lake was found, where the fishing was almost miraculous. Bacon, pieces of squirrel or bird, and afterwards pieces of fish, were used for bait, and a willow pole for a rod, and the finest trout were pulled out as fast as they could be taken off the hook. It is safe to say those trout had never seen a fisherman before. But they saved the life of Col. Talbot and the lives of his party. A smoke tent was improvised, and the fish crudely smoked and dried, and although after a few weeks they got very mouldy, and were not exactly not what an epicure would order for a tete-a-tete dinner, they served to keep away the pangs of hunger.

### A Nowadays Call

By Madeline Bridges

**THE HOSTESS** (with effusion)—It is lovely to see you again, dear Lenore! (Be quiet, just a moment, sweetheart!)

The Caller—Indeed, it is lovely to meet after all these years! And to find you grown rich and fashionable.

The Hostess—Oh, not fashionable—not that, of all things! We have grown rich, but everyone is rich, more or less, in these days!

The Caller—Not every one, sad to say!

The Hostess—No; it seems we must always have the toilers. (Oh, naughty! naughty!) But dear, before we say another word, I want you to look at—to be acquainted with my treasure. This is my own dear Rigoletto! Isn't he lovely? (Come up, come up, to own one!) There, you may pet him if you like.

The Caller—I'm—a little afraid.

Perhaps, when he stops barking—

The Hostess—He may not stop! He generally barks all the time I have callers.

The Caller—That must be embarrassing.

The Hostess—Oh, it shows his love for me. And he often snaps at people, if he thinks I seem too interested in them.

The Caller—I hope you won't seem too interested in me! But can't you send him away while we talk?

The Hostess—Send him away!

Oh, no, I couldn't do that, but he may be quiet after a while. (Now, pet, pet! go and lie on 'oo cushion.) I had that cushion sent from Paris—Oh, he won't go—he never does anything I tell him to do!

The Caller—Can't you teach him to mind?

The Hostess—Perhaps—but I would not think of trying. He is so sweet just as he is! But tell me—haven't you a dear one, like this, to love? (Like my own pretty-pretty babe!)

The Caller—N-no, not exactly. I have two boys, though—

The Hostess—Two boys? Oh—indeed?—And no dog? Perhaps it is just as well—he might not care for children. (You wouldn't like 'ie boys, would you, 'Lette?) Two boys? What a burden of care!

The Caller—A burden that blesses

The Hostess—Oh, well—if you can feel so. (Now, dearest one, do lie still. Put head on muzzer's arm and go by-bye.) I was delighted to hear you had written a book.

The Caller—Yes, I must tell you about it.

The Hostess—I am dying to hear—if only this darling would not make such a noise.

The Caller—It is a novel. I began it two years ago—

The Hostess—Two years ago? Strange! It is just two years since Rigoletto came to me! I little dreamed how much he would mean in my life. Do you know, my husband thinks I am really absurd about him?

The Caller—I don't wonder!

The Hostess—Ah—my dear, you know what men are! Every wife knows how little true sentiment—just look at those cunning ears. (What does my baby hear? Is it bad pussy cat?) But your book, dear? A novel?

The Caller—Yes, a story from real life.

The Hostess—Oh, I wish you had known Rigoletto sooner—you might have put him in it! He is such an interesting creature. He does not care for candy in the least; and still more singular, he hates carriage riding! I am obliged to walk blocks and blocks with him, every day. He won't go with anyone else—

The Caller—That is a tax.

The Hostess—No, no. A labor of love! (Enter maid with cards, and hostess reads, "Mrs. Sittinstagh—Miss Sittinstagh.") Show them in, Dora. Such charming people, Lenore—they have five lovely dogs.

The Caller—Oh, I will take my leave.

The Hostess—Surely not, dear Lenore?

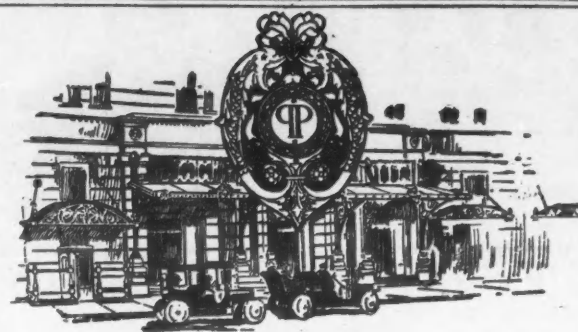
The Caller—For the present, but I shall call another time. Only, you must have a good visit with Rigoletto before I come. I suppose you don't see him often?

The Hostess—Don't see him often? I see him every day—all day.

The Caller—I shall find him here when I come?

The Hostess—Of course you will find him. (My sweetheart dear!) And when you see him again you will begin to love him. I know you will.

The Caller—Very likely—when I see him again! Good-bye!—Smart Set for October.



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- (4) Native dealers are able to sell cheaper than ordinary stores, because they buy from original sources, get higher class selections, from point of view, of color, and pattern, and because their store management is so much more economical.
- (5) Buyers, who are good judges of rug values, can easily see the superiority of the rugs shown by Courian, Babayan & Co. You are welcome to look and we invite comparison.

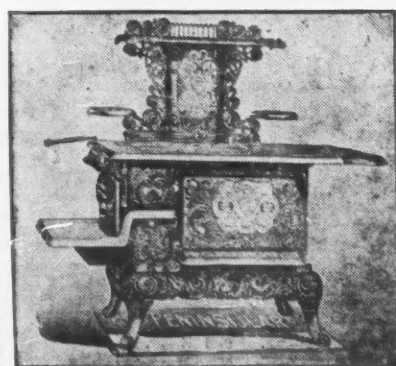
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"The melancholy days are come  
The saddest of the year."

THIS is pretty good poetry, and has furnished several generations of sweet girl graduates with a pleasantly subdued subject for their elocutionary powers, but as a plain statement of fact, will it bear scrutiny?

We trow not.

The trouble is, that we have become the abject slaves of the calendar. Our out-goings and our incomings are ordered and established by a few rows of black figures on an insurance advertisement. Mark you the straw hat. In the dog-days, it meets you everywhere, adorned with ribbons of divers hues that make the welkin ring. But with the coming of September, back goes Mr. Straw into solitary confinement, and the man is brave to foolhardiness who would be seen with one after the 15th.

The same spirit seems to govern all our out-door affairs. We are blessed with an autumn climate that has no equal anywhere, and are disposed to be a bit snooty if it falls off in spots. If the temperature drops a few degrees, or a dash of rain blows up everyone scuds for cover, and curses the weather. Last Saturday was an instance. Though no one will pretend that it was a perfect afternoon, there wasn't enough rain to wet a fly's ear till late in the day, yet a corporal's guard would have looked like a company beside the few enthusiasts that were seen out on local golf links. An Englishman, or anyone else who appreciates the full meaning of the term weather, would have marvelled at the sight, and yet the same sort of thing happens here every autumn. At the first hint of frost in the air the numbers of those engaged in sport of all kinds drop with a thud. Bowlers put away their bowls, and golfers smear their clubs with vaseline and other rust discouragers, and everybody prepares for a hard winter by ceasing from every form of exercise, and drifting back into the condition of muscular inactivity they enjoyed the winter before. It comes a little hard at first, but by a carefully carried out policy of repression, one may discard all forms of exercise, with the exception of the necessary one of crossing the billiard room and applying the thumb to a push-button.

This is one of the reasons the winter appears to be so long. We begin it too soon. We muffle ourselves with assorted wraps, and shudder at the sight of a golf club or a tennis racket, when there is another month or six weeks of God's good sunlight and sparkling air to be enjoyed.

Lucky is the man whose forethought or good luck insure him a couple of weeks in the woods about this time. He has no delusions as to the weather being unsuited to anything he wants to do, and can eat and drink things that would founder a camel. He can crawl all day through cedar swamps, and come home covered with assorted muck, and sit down in front of the fire to a supper of "Tiger" (a food product of porcine but otherwise vague antecedents) and bread and tea. He will enjoy this. He will tell you that it was the way man was intended to live since the beginning of the world, and much more to the same effect. But get this child of nature back in town and note the difference. There will be an entirely new set of ideas, which he will slip on with his boiled shirt. Perhaps some Saturday afternoon you ask him if he wouldn't like to play about eighteen holes or so. If there is a spit of rain in the air, or a whiff of frost from the north, he will probably ask you if you are doty, and think your friends owe it to the family to have your mental status established. Circumstances alter cases, so this erstwhile exponent of the simple life, who glories in the fact that he slept in his boots and didn't shiver for a fortnight, is in mortal terror that he will catch his death of dampness within easy reach of hot shower-baths, clean clothes, and other first aids. So he prefers to spend the afternoon in the vicinity of the bottle-and-jug department of a city club, where, chewing a black cigar, he lauds and magnifies the tariff policy of the present (or late) party in power.

Of a verity we are slaves of the calendar and in thrall to environment.

There is a proposition afoot to increase the distance of the Ward Marathon to twenty miles. Those

who have this event in hand, would be well advised to leave the race just as it is. The word Marathon, as applied to a race, has come to mean any distance from 10 miles upward, though the historic event they commemorate was over a course of 25 miles, and we all know what happened to the first runner. He died. It might be said that he was not trained for the event, but the fact remains, that it finished him, and it would not be at all surprising if one of these fine days some aspiring runner were to put his vital apparatus out of business by going a distance for which he was not fitted by nature. The rigorous training demanded by an event of this kind, with its consequent heart-distension, is something that only one man in a thousand could stand, and to add to the dragging strain on nerve and stamina by stretching the distance out to twenty miles, is something that can add very little to the race as a contest, and may have the effect of discouraging some good runners who do not think they can afford to take the chance.

FOLLOWING President Stark's decision, awarding the fall championship banner of the C. A. A. U. to the West End Y. M. C. A., last Saturday's issue of the Star charged Mr. Ashley, the physical instructor at the West End, with some rather odd practices in his efforts to put his team to the front this year. In brief the charges were as follows: That Mr. Ashley offered Nebraska, the three-miler, and Burns, a sprinter, both of Buffalo, a job in Toronto if they would come here and join his team, having been told at the time that Nebraska had received \$200 for his race with Longboat in Buffalo, and allowing Longboat, who was then under his management, to run Nebraska here without investigating the \$200 story. That in order to defeat the Central team for the spring championship banner Mr. Ashley had Frank Osborne's points counted for the West End, although Osborne was not then and has not since been a member of the Y. M. C. A. That Mr. Ashley induced Halbhaut and Brydges, two of the Central's juniors, to leave their club and run for West End, giving them free membership tickets for so doing.

If these charges are true, and Mr. Ashley has not yet put forward a denial, the Y. M. C. A. League should get busy with this man of many protests, and let the public know how things stand. It doesn't matter if the Central instructor was too good a sport to enter a protest against Osborne's points counting. Now that the matter has been brought to light, the League or the C. A. A. U. should investigate and find out whether the West End won the spring banner honestly or not. West End has a good team, but if they are gathered together by questionable tactics the public should be told about it and not be expected to look upon them as the best team of the year.

The Y. M. C. A. League lost no time in suspending Longboat when they discovered that his conduct was not in keeping with the standards of the association, and they should be just as diligent in investigating Mr. Ashley's methods of winning championship banners.

MR. JAMES E. SULLIVAN, President of the American Athletic Union, while attending the Federation meet held recently in Montreal, made this interesting statement: "The evil of athletics on this side of the water is that overpowering desire of Americans, Canadians as well as those of the United States, to get ahead of some one where everybody can see you do it. This is not so much the feeling on the other side of the water. There the knowledge that one has done something is sufficient reward, here the doing of it does not suffice, unless it is done before the world to see."

This is a truly remarkable statement, coming, as it does, from Mr. Sullivan, but it may be that he is having one of those qualms of conscience such as caused Arthur Duffy to show up the expense money method of rewarding amateur athletes for services rendered. Each year while compiling the athletic statistics it gladdens the presidential heart to be able to tell his fellow Americans and the world at large, that so-and-so, an American athlete, holds the championship of Canada. This year the C. A. A. U. had quite a formidable

array of athletes who did things to all of the American runners who came around and seemed able to hold their own in the field events, and the chances of Mr. Sullivan's stable of athletes to annex their usual share of Canadian championships were waning. So, to gain his end, the great figurehead of American athletics broke away from the C. A. A. U., threw in his lot with the dissatisfied bunch in Montreal and succeeded in carrying off all but two of their so-called Canadian championships.

Perhaps it looks different from Mr. Sullivan's view, but from here, the evil in American athletics seems to be centred around the chief executive of the A. A. U.

Barring others, who would certainly have been beaten at the C. A. A. U. meet, it will be real humorous reading to see Daly's name chronicled as the three mile champion of Canada when we remember how Tom Longboat ran this same Daly into the ground at the Island in July, and Longboat doesn't pretend to be a three-miler either.

But it is to be hoped that the above statement is but a forerunner of Mr. Sullivan's reformation and that the real Canadian champions will show up the counterfeits at the Olympic games.

THE first amateur golf tournament for the championship of Alberta was played over the Calgary links, ending on Sept. 21 in a victory for Mr. C. W. Hague, of the home club. The semi-finals were played in the morning, Mr. G. E. G. Govern winning by two up from Mr. H. I. Downey, and Mr. Hague winning from Mr. F. G. Denton, 8 up and 7 to go. The conditions for the final in the afternoon were very unfavorable, a hurricane blowing. Mr. Hague got a big lead on Mr. Govern from the start, but towards the end the match was well fought out, the former winning 4 up and 2 to go. A driving competition followed, somewhat different from the usual practice, as while each man drove three balls, the total of the three drives did not decide the contest, but the best single drive of the three. Mr. F. G. Denton won first with a drive of 210 yards; H. I. Downey second, 206 yards, and C. W. Hague third, 198 yards. Mr. Hague also won the putting contest, after playing off a tie with Mr. Downey.

In the ladies' handicap on the same days, Mrs. W. N. Clark, playing from scratch, won. Calgary sent five men to Edmonton this week to compete in the annual open championship, October 4, 5 and 7.

#### The Call of the Bells.

The city lights—they beckoned from far an' far away;  
The city bells seemed callin' o'er meadows sweet with May;  
The meadows o' the mockin' birds an' shadowed, singin' streams—  
But the bells thrilled sweeter music through the gates of golden dreams.

Ringin'—singin'—"Come away  
From your meadows sweet with May,  
From the green fields where the corn waves—  
Come away! come away!"

The bells—the lights—they lured me from the violet-scented ways,  
From the love that lit the lowlands to the glitter of great days;  
An' sad seemed all the sunlight on peaceful plains and dells,  
For the bells were ringin'—singin'—an' my heart beat to the bells!

But it's oh to be away  
In the meadows loved of May;  
In the green fields where the corn waves  
I'd go singin' all the day!

O city bells an' city lights—how well ye play your part;  
Fame for a name, tears for the year, gold for a breakin' heart!  
The gold that is but glitter, an' gives the grief that kills:  
The heart that loves the lowlands is lonely on the hills!

An' the reapers sing to-day  
Where they're harvestin' the hay,  
An' I'm weepin' like a woman—  
For the home fields far away!  
—Frank L. Stanton in Uncle Remus Magazine.

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ALE, PORTER  
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NOTED FOR PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND  
UNIFORMITY



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With your bacon, try a little H.P. SAUCE. It takes away that greasy flavour and gives quite a new enjoyment to the meal.

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remember those old familiar dishes which you have grown tired of, become tempting and delicious with H.P. SAUCE.

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H.P. SAUCE makes hot suppers unnecessary. With it cold meats, cheese, &c., are most enjoyable.

All Grocers sell H.P.

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We selected only those that have been fashioned after human models.

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THE BANQUETING WINE par excellence.

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## THE GAMBLER OF A NIGHT

By PAUL BOURGET

WHEN I came into my atelier one afternoon I felt no little astonishment to find a long letter from Ladrat in which he asked me for not less than two hundred francs. It had been at least six months since I had seen him, and he told me that during these six months he had struggled against his vice, had not been drinking, had wanted to work, but that his strength had given out and his wife was ill. In a word, it was one of those begging letters which are such pitiful things to get. Of course, a successful painter receives any number of them, with only two or three genuine appeals in the lot. But it is better to risk deception all the other times than to fail the two or three. Besides, I had no doubt of the sincerity of Ladrat, at that moment.

It happened that I had just received fifteen hundred francs for my picture "Ophelia." I've always been exceedingly careful in money matters. I had no debts, and I was keeping a sum almost equal to the other in a drawer. My atelier was fully equipped, and I had a wardrobe complete enough to last a year. I remember that I made a mental schedule of my financial condition while I was brushing my evening clothes to go to one of my first society dinners—one of those dinners to the conqueror, to which you carry the keen appetite and the self-esteem of a school-boy. You have equal faith in the genuineness of the wines and that of the compliments. I compared my fortune with that of my former comrade of the Latin Quarter and I had one of those good impulses which are as natural to youth as is grace or gaiety.

I took ten louis which I inclosed in an envelope, wrote the address of Ladrat, then called the concierge. If he had been at home, my comrade would have had the money that same evening. But the concierge was out. "I can attend to this to-morrow," I said to myself, and hastened off, leaving the envelope all ready on my table. My resolution was so firmly made that I felt in advance that little tickling of vanity which comes to us from the consciousness of a generous action. That vanity was not particularly charming, but it was quite human; and there are so many others who have not this noble pretext.

I was soon seated in the house where I was to dine, between two very elegant ladies who were in rivalry for my flattery. Well, I left about eleven, the prey of one of those spasms of folly in which one feels himself the lord of the earth. I stopped at my club, which was then located in the Hotel de la Place Vendome, attended by one of the guests, who offered to do me the honors. As I knew scarcely a person there, I hadn't set foot in the club during the six weeks since I had joined. Two painters had acted as sponsors for me, and the prospect of the annual exposition had made me resolve to stand for the club, in spite of the dues, which had seemed rather steep.

We entered the great hall. I was so unsophisticated that I asked my guide the name of the game which a crowd was gathered around the table to play.

He began to laugh, and told me the rules of baccarat in a few words. "But it doesn't tempt you, does it?" he quizzed.

"Why not?" I retorted, a bit nettled by my own ignorance. "But I haven't any money with me."

He explained, still laughing, that it was sufficient to sign a voucher, cashable within twenty-four hours, to get any sum up to three thousand francs. I took my place at the table, saying to my companion, "I'm going to sign a check for five louis, and if I lose I'm going."

My tempter, who was seated near me, told me to wait for my hand I obeyed. Well, I bet on the nine. I had ventured my five louis.

"Repeat," whispered my councillor to me.

I bet on the eight; then repeated, bet on the seven—and won each time. Finally, on the seventh round, constantly prompted by my companion, I laid only one louis. I lost. But I had about three thousand francs before me.

My guide, who had won almost as much rose and hinted: "If you're wise, you'll do as I do."

But I wasn't listening just then. I had just experienced emotions too keen to be able to leave. I am not one of those whom you call analysts—and I call egotists, "people who carefully listen for their own sneezing." I don't pass my life in watching myself think and feel. Pardon me, then, if I express only in the large, and by pictures what went on in my brain.

During the brief moments when I

had been winning, the subtle power of intoxicating pride stirred me, sustained me. I have felt a like sensation in swimming on some great sea. This vast surge which threatens you, balances you, which you overcome by your own strength, this is indeed the exact image of what the game meant for me in the first period, that of winning. For I won again at the same rate as before, then won a third time. Each time I touched the cards my good luck seemed so overwhelming that there was silence about me; then, while I was betting, came something like a shiver of admiration. Perhaps I should not have had the courage to go on, without that admiration. Unfortunately, I've always had a devilish lot of self-esteem.

That childish pride was the reason for my not wishing to give way before bad luck when I divined its approach, after I had been parading my good luck. For I did feel its approach. Then the sort of triumphant lucidity which had made me take the cards with an absolute confidence vanished at once. At one sitting I was passing through all the emotions that gambling brings its devotees. For, after having known all the intoxication of good luck, I now experienced the keen intoxication of losing. There is one. "In gambling, next to the pleasure of winning comes that of losing." I can't think of any other saying to explain that sort of poisoned eagerness, that mingling of hope and despair, of cowardice and discouragement. You see, you count on beating Fortune—and certain that she's going to beat you!

You lose the faculty of reasoning and make plays which you know to be absurd. Your winnings go—and you sign new checks. Although for years you've had to stop and consider a matter of six sous for a way fare, you risk five hundred or a thousand francs without hesitation.

I had gone to the club at eleven, and at two I came home minus three thousand francs—nearly all I possessed.

When I awoke the next day from the heavy slumber which followed such emotions, the scene of the evening came to my thoughts, and I had only two ideas—that of getting revenge in the evening, and of following the experience which I had gained, in making my wagers. Mentally I went through certain plays which I had lost and which I ought to have won. Suddenly I noticed the envelope with Ladrat's address, left on the table the evening before. An involuntary calculation made me see a senseless sacrifice in the gift of this money. To get a sum which would permit me to go back to the gambling on that evening—and I knew that I should not be able to keep from returning—I would have to get some money out of a picture dealer, to barter some studies. I would probably gather fifty louis in this way, and of this fifty I was going to dissipate ten for this parasite, this drunkard, this liar!

For I tried to prove myself that his letter was merely a web of falsehoods. I took it up and re-read it. As a matter of fact, its tone fairly tore my heart. But I did not wish to recognize this tone, and I flung myself down on my bed, then rose to write a hasty letter of refusal. I made it curt and dry, to sink an irreparable chasm between my comrade and my compassion. Naturally, I felt a little shame and remorse when my letter had gone, but I deafened the inner ear as well as I could to the business which I had to do.

"Besides," I excused myself, "If I win I'll be in time, and send the sum to Ladrat to-morrow—and I'll win."

Well, I did win—more than five hundred louis; but that "to-morrow" was too late. As soon as he had received my letter of refusal, Ladrat, who had not lied, was gripped by the madness of despair. His sick wife and he resolved to asphyxiate themselves. They were found dead in their bed, and it was I, myself, who had their door broken in. I had come with the two hundred francs—yes, it was too late. Do you understand now why the mere sight of a card horrifies me?

You may say that if I had sent him the money on the day before this would have saved him only for a month or two, after which he would have fallen again; his vice would have mastered him again, and he would have ended in the same way.

Yes, that is possible, but in this life, you know, it is not nice to be the drop of water which makes the bowl overflow. — Translated from the French.

### Heart's Seasons.

When the Earth was flushed and the trees were young  
And the bluebirds called from an April sky,  
Beyond where the moon's sin cradle swung  
Life's long, long vistas before us hung  
Half-veiled in tears, tho we knew not why;  
For hearts were yearning—but on the tongue  
The slow words faltered, and lips were shy.

When the Earth was green and the trees were strong  
And the river sang to the warm, white sun,  
The hours were blithe and the days were long,  
For life was working, and work was song—  
No wailing minor of things undone  
And no black discord of hopes gone wrong;  
Life's sands were many, and slow to run.

When the earth is bleak, and the trees are pale  
And the east wind cries through the falling rain,  
Draw close, dear heart, from the rising gale;  
We'll measure bravely our meagre tale  
Of wide, poor stubble and scanty grain.  
But, dear, we have tried; if the harvest fail  
The Lord of the Harvest will count our pain.

When the trees are gray and the Earth is white  
And the north wind sings in the chimney stone,  
Then, hand in hand, we will wait the night;  
With quiet hearts, we will say good-night.

Dear heart, was not all the year our own?  
There is no darkness Love cannot light—  
We'll face, together, the great Unknown!  
—Charles Buxton Going in Everybody's.

Upon a Spanish highway, where all the pretty girls and handsome youths were returning arm in arm from the Lull fight, a youthful mendicant with a ragged cloak thrown round him, was praying for alms, vowing that no food had passed his lips for two whole days.

Notwithstanding the firmness of his tanned skin, which could be seen peeping out through the rents and tears of his ragged clothes, one felt at a glance that he was no impostor. The half starved look in his eyes and his sunken cheeks betokened the want of nourishment.

The crowd, however, paid but little attention to him and passed him by, singing Spanish love songs amidst hearty plaudits and peals of laughter. Would they all leave the poor boy to die of starvation on the road?

From out all the throng only three young girls stopped and gazed upon him. They were fresh to look upon, plump, rosy-cheeked and not more than twenty years of age. They paused, and gradually their laughter gave place to looks of pity. The eldest girl gave him one real. "Thank you," he said. The next girl gave him a piccette; "God will reward you," said he.

The third, the youngest, who was also the prettiest of the three, had neither real or piccette. For a moment she stood undecided, then, standing on tiptoe, she gave him a soft little kiss on his lips. The poor famished lad said nothing, but, seeing a flower-vendor passing, he gave to him all the money he had just begged for a large bunch of tea-roses and, with tears in his eyes, silently handed them to the youngest girl.—Translated from the French by Wilfred Clarke.

### BIG GAME IN TEMAGAMI DISTRICT.

The big game founded in the Temagami region comprises the moose, caribou and red deer. During September, which is known as the running season, moose are seen in large numbers throughout the district. The open season for hunting these animals commences on October 16 and continues until November 15. The game birds found in the northern portion of the Temagami region are the ruffed grouse, pine grouse, geese, duck and other water fowl. Now that this district is so easy of access via Grand Trunk Railway the best hunting grounds are easily reached without the discomforts formerly experienced. Call at Grand Trunk City Office and ask for copy of illustrated booklet, "Hunts of Fish and Game." It will help you. It is full of useful information and maps, etc.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors

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## !?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

### When Kipling Landed.

RUDYARD KIPLING has all the old newspaper man's dislike of newspaper interviews. He had scarcely set foot in Canada before the men from the daily papers opened their batteries upon him, but what they obtained in the matter of real live news was not worth mentioning. Mr. Kipling was genial—which was more than could be said upon the occasion of his last visit some years ago—but at the same time he absolutely refused to have any ideas on literature, politics, or even the Asiatic question. He did give his consent, however, to making two addresses while in the country, one before the Canadian Club of Toronto, and the other before the same organization in Montreal. As to dates, these will be adjusted later when he knows better where he stands. Among the people who met Mr. and Mrs. Kipling stepping off the Empress of Ireland at Quebec was Mr. David McNicoll, one of the numerous vice-presidents of the C.P.R. That official tendered Mr. and Mrs. Kipling the use of a private car for their journey to Montreal. In his broad Scotch, and with his best bow, Mr. McNicoll offered the use of the car.

"As a private individual I thank you very much, Mr. McNicoll," said Mr. Kipling with a grin, "but as a stockholder I object."

However, his objection was not of a sufficiently formidable character to prevent the distinguished author and his wife making the 160 mile journey in a lonesome car, all by themselves.

### The Guest of Donald McMaster, K.C.

IN Montreal Mr. Kipling was entertained at the week-end by Mr. Donald McMaster, K.C., who happens at this time to be at home. Since Mr. McMaster gave up the practice of his profession in Canada, forsaking it for the British political field, and an occasional case before the Privy Council, Montreal has seen but little of one of her old legal lights. Clear headed, a brilliant speaker—altogether a man of ability—Mr. McMaster for many years enjoyed a large practice and accumulated a good sized fortune which he carefully placed in good investment securities, such as Montreal Street Railway stock; so when the time came there was no reason why he should not play at his pet game, politics, and that in a wide field such as the British Isles afford.

Mr. McMaster has received some big fees in his day. For instance, he was the chief lawyer for the prosecution in the Shortis murder case. This young scoundrel, it will be remembered, was convicted of murdering two people at Valleyfield, whom he shot down in cold blood in the mill of the Montreal Cotton Company. His death sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life by Lord Aberdeen—much to the indignation of Montrealers generally. Mr. McMaster is said to have received not less than \$12,000 for his work in this case. In England Mr. McMaster joined in the Chamberlain movement during the last general elections, but suffered defeat at the hands of the Government candidate.

### When He Wrote his Poem

THE advent of Rudyard Kipling to the Dominion of Canada has recalled the tempest in a teapot which took place when his poem, "Our Lady of the Snows," was published ten years ago. The circumstances of its publication were these: The Laurier Government had introduced the tariff of 1897, which granted the motherland a preference in the Canadian market. Kipling was commissioned by the London Times to write a poem on the subject, and responded, choosing the now familiar refrain. It is, of course, a translation of the phrase "Notre Dame de Neiges" of French legendary lore, but it is probable that Kipling got it from another source. It has escaped general attention that years ago, as a very young man, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a poem with the title, "Our Lady of the Snows," on the legend of the Madonna who succurs wayfarers lost in the snow, and it seems probable that the phrase crept into Kipling's mind from this source. The poem was really a God-send to the minor poets of Canada, for upwards of one hundred "replies" were published that would have been cast into the waste paper basket had it not been for the controversy in progress.

There was one prominent Torontonion, however, who took up the cudgels in a playful way for Kipling. This was none other than Mr. B. B. Osler, Q.C. He was a man who seldom spoke outside the law courts, but while the controversy was still fresh he was asked to speak to the toast of Canada at a banquet of the Law School. In the course of it he said he could not sympathize with the cry of the "gentleman from the peach belt," who disdained Canada's gift of snow, and were so angered by Kipling's verse. Then he went on, and with the authority of an expert told of the benefits conferred on Canada's soil by her winter's garment of snow, and said that if she were not "our lady of the snows" she would not be "our lady of the wheat."

THE Early Thirst in Fort Macleod.

EVERYBODY in Western Canada knows or has heard of Patrick J. Nolan, the Calgary barrister. The name gives the tip as to his nationality, and it is needless to say he is a wit. He had the entire province of Alberta laughing over a remark he made while addressing a jury at Macleod not long ago in defence of a rancher charged with murder. It was alleged that this man had given an Indian so much liquor that it killed him. A Government analyst from Regina gave expert evidence, outlining the amount of whisky that would end a person's mortal career. In his address to the jury Nolan said:

"Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence of the learned doctor from Regina. Now if what he has told you about the amount of whisky required to kill a man is correct, is it not a wonder that the great majority of the esteemed citizens of Macleod were not in their graves long ago?"

Macleod accepted the jab at one of the favorite occupations of its citizens in the early days in good nature.

### Two More Stories of Patrick J. Nolan.

NOLAN was travelling between Lacombe and Calgary one day, and the lady who occupied the seat with him in the car remarked as the train was nearing Calgary: "Mr. Nolan, I thought the mountains could be seen from here!"

"They usually can," he replied quickly, "but this is the close season for them."

Nine men had been convicted at a sitting of the court at Macleod and another prisoner came up for trial, when Nolan arose and addressed the Chief Justice to this effect: "Your Lordship I would like to draw your attention to the fact that the C.P.R. gives excursion rates to parties of ten or over," a fairly good hint that the fellow in the dock should be convicted. The remark was hugely enjoyed by the judge.

### A Lot of Misguided Thunder.

HON. A. G. MACKAY, who has just succeeded to the leadership of the Liberal party in provincial politics, had a most disconcerting experience in the course of one of his earlier campaigns in North Grey. His supporters had made arrangements for a meeting of electors in one of the smaller centres of the riding, and Mr. MacKay had invited a well-known Liberal lawyer from Western Ontario to "come over into Macedonia" and help him. This spell-binder had the reputation of delivering speeches which were sometimes more noted for sound than for sense, but Mr. MacKay never dreamed that his coadjutor would show himself so ill-informed upon Canadian politics as proved to be the case. The visiting orator, after the usual barefaced appeals to local vanity which are always introduced under the guise of references to the honored chairman, the ladies present, and the fertility of the surrounding district, launched at once into a vehement denunciation of administrative corruption and graft. Unfortunately, he chose as a concrete example, the flagrant wrongdoings of the Mercier Government of Quebec, proving by his words that he was under the impression that Honore Mercier was a pillar of the Conservative party. Mr. MacKay, in common with the majority of those present, immediately perceived the egregious blunder that the speaker was making, but it was too late to interfere, and for half an hour the candidate had to writhle in his seat while the zealous co-worker in the Liberal vineyard continued to rail against the Liberals of Quebec. It is needless to say that the edue was completely taken off the speech with which Mr. MacKay followed the doughty but misguided champion.

### When Dr. Griffin Tumbled.

REV. Dr. Griffin, treasurer of the superannuation fund of the Methodist Church, is something of a wit. Everyone who has heard him address conference gatherings knows this to be true. A few years ago the doctor fell down the stairs of his residence in Toronto, and was pretty badly bruised up. His shoulder amongst other parts was injured. Somebody asked him how it was he happened to fall on his shoulder.

"Well, how can I tell? Do you think I took notes by the way?"

### Chamberlain's Early Converts.

THE statement published in some of the reliable British newspapers to the effect that Joseph Chamberlain, while improved in health, will never probably be seen again in his place in the House of Commons, reminds one in Canada, who knows the inside history of the Tariff Reform campaign, of a little incident which is explanatory of much that has taken place in British politics of late years. It seems that when "Joe" was looking around for some political issue which would avert the indignation of the electorate against the Balfour Government, owing to the passage of the Education Bill, he became convinced that Tariff Reform, with an appeal to Imperial sentiment, would be about the right thing.

Among his supporters in the House of Commons were three young men upon whose good opinion he placed a good deal of importance. They were Winston Churchill, Lord Hugh Cecil and Major (now Colonel) Seely.

"Joe" invited the three to a luncheon one day in the House of Commons and there explained to them his new policy. He dwelt with emphasis upon the power which the Imperial sentiment would have in the discussion of the matter and advised them to study the tariff question in all its bearings, pointing out that Churchill and Cecil, as representatives of the blue-blooded aristocracy would be able to influence one wing of the party, while Seely as a successful business man would be able to appeal with success to the commercial classes.

All three did study the fiscal question and all three were so convinced of the importance of sticking to Free Trade that they left their party upon the issue!

### A Doctor in the Far North.

DR. E. GENEST, who has just accepted a chair on the faculty of Laval University, has resigned his position as physician and surgeon to the Mounted Police, where he has seen considerable service, and has made some long journeys. He was attached to Col. Constantine's division, and ranged between the Peace River and Yukon, arriving in Edmonton ten days ago after travelling four thousand miles since last February. From a moving saddle on the plains to a chair at Laval, is a marked change of seat.

After his summer's work in the north the doctor reports a state of health among the people he visited, that was very gratifying, and which he attributed to the high altitude, pure atmosphere and outdoor life. "In one case," said Dr. Genest, "an Indian came to me who had had his hands frozen and mortification had set in. I saw that one hand and three fingers would have to come off. I wanted to give him an anesthetic, but it seems some one had given him a dose and it made him sick, so he said he would rather have the pain than the queerness in his stomach. That Indian sat on a stump and watched me cut one hand off and then three fingers from his other hand and never uttered a sound. Nerve! why they are simply full of it!" said the doctor.

### What One Mean Man Did.

EVERYONE with a telephone in his house or office is familiar with the annoyance caused when someone gets his 'phone by mistake. When the familiar phrase "Ring off! wrong number," goes over the wire, there are usually hopping mad people at both ends of it. There is a prominent Toronto gentleman, however, who contrives to get some fun out of it, and he does it in the following manner:

The other morning his 'phone rang, and when he picked up the receiver a lady's voice said:

"Hello! Is that Eaton's?"

"Yes," he replied blandly, "what can we do for you?"

"This is Mrs. B. of Avenue A speaking. I ordered five pounds of rolled oats yesterday and they haven't come up yet. I want to know when you intend to send them."

"Oh! we're not going to send them at all?" he replied. "Why not?" asked the angry lady. "I ordered and paid for them."

"Because we're going to send you cornmeal instead!"

"But I ordered rolled oats, and I want rolled oats!"

"Well, you cannot have rolled oats. You'll get cornmeal. Rolled oats are very bad for the constitution."

He was going to continue when the 'phone was shut off with a bang. And what action the irate lady took in the matter is still unknown to him.

### St. Thomas Boys to the Front.

W. B. ELLISON, a native of St. Thomas, was until recently corporation counsel of the city of New York. He was removed because he would not do the bidding of Mayor McClellan. The New York Sun says he is now likely to be elected president of the Borough of Manhattan. He is already in the field for the Democratic nomination for Mayor of Greater New York.

By the way, two of the Deputy Ministers of the province of Saskatchewan are natives of Elgin county. One is F. J. Robinson, son of Jabel Robinson, ex-M.P., who is Deputy Minister of Public Works, and the other D. P. McColl, who is Deputy Minister of Education.

### Produced the Witness.

MR. WELSH, superintendent of the Canadian Detective Bureau, has a wonderful memory. It is in a way photographic of fact as well as of faces. Once he was called upon to demonstrate. He had told a story in a western American court, and the accuracy of his memory was questioned by the attorney for the defence. The detective offered to prove that he could remember accurately for ten years. He offered to produce a witness to corroborate his tale. The attorney was doubtful, but willing to watch the stunt.

Welsh told of arresting a telegraph clerk in California ten years before. He was then a deputy sheriff, and the offence was wife beating.

"Now then where is your witness?" asked the attorney.

"You are the man!" replied the detective.

And the attorney admitted that it was true.

### When an Editor is in Politics.

WHEN three or four journalists get together one frequently hears little stories illustrating the qualities of the men who have reached the front rank in the profession, or who are rapidly coming to the front. Here is a little story dealing with a couple of men out West. When a journalist goes into politics it very often means that his newspaper suffers. A western editor now prominent in Dominion politics is awkwardly situated while engaged in his public duties. He has not time to be even a contributor to his journal, although it is looked upon as his personal organ, and every editorial utterance is looked upon as coming from him. Any editor-member who can leave in charge of his paper a man who will say the right thing or nothing, has found a jewel.

The western editor referred to has had his own trials in attempting to direct the editorial and business policy of his paper at long range. For a long time he would trust nobody to venture an editorial opinion in his absence, and the space usually devoted to editorials was occupied with reports of the editor's speeches. These speeches were good ones, but in times of political peace readers sigh for something other than political orations.

One day the question of the municipal ownership of a certain public utility arose in this bustling western town, and in the editor-member's absence his assistant, feeling that it would be wrong to allow the municipality to be

loaded up with a worn-out plant at a high valuation, said to himself: "Now, there's no party politics in this, and I'll speak out what I think."

He waded in and gave the town council hot shot in a slashing editorial. The town rubbed its eyes, for the editor-member was a pronounced advocate of municipal ownership. Some of the citizens wired the absent man: "Is your paper opposing municipal ownership by-law with your consent?"

"Certainly not; supposed it was supporting it," came the answer from the wild man at the other end of the wire, a man not deficient in his private vocabulary.

Straight to the office with this message went a group of men. "We want an extra edition of the paper issued at once containing these two telegrams," they declared.

"Not on your life," replied the assistant editor. "Not while I'm on the job."

There was a sweet row, ending in the assistant editor resigning and walking out, while a committee of citizens edited an extra edition.

Years have passed, and to-day that paper is a prosperous daily, and in the editorial chair, enjoying a free hand, is the young man who cut loose and spoke his mind on that occasion. The editor-member, when the storm subsided, learned to admire the youngster who walked the plank rather than eat his words.

### Playing a Joke on a Stranger.

THE back end of a theatre is always a notorious resort for practical jokers, and the Royal Alexandra, though a new play house, is no exception to the rule. Some ten days ago the members of the stock company which has been located there, arrived from New York for rehearsal. One of the prominent members of the company decided that inasmuch as he expected to remain in the city all winter he would take pleasant apartments at some convenient place, and get his meals when and where he pleased. Never having visited Toronto before he sought counsel of one of the attaches of the theatre. He wanted a nice pleasant room to loaf and study in not too far away from the theatre or the downtown restaurants. The theatre man looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and then said: "I know the very place you want! And it's very handy too." He led him out of the theatre and pointed across at the Government House.

"Why, that looks like the very thing!" said the actor. "By jove I wonder if I could get that room with the bow window. Thank you very much!"

He started across the street and came back in five minutes. He declined to say what occurred, but the attaché who perpetrated the hoax on him is keeping out of the way.

### Speaking of Large Families.

THE French Canadians are famous for their large families, and they like to tell about them too.

At a banquet held in Berlin, Ont., recently, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General of Canada, and Mr. W. H. Moore, of the Canadian Northern Railway Co., sat side by side, and the conversation drifted around to the topic of large families. Mr. Moore remarked that his grandfather was the sixteenth child.

The Postmaster-General could go one better.

"The first premier of Quebec," he said, "was the twenty-ninth child." There was nothing to beat that.

### Toronto Papers and the Mining Room.

LAST week the Toronto Telegram was making editorial boasts of its virtue as compared with the other journals of the city which had tattered on mining share advertisements. This week the Telegram is publishing half page advertisements of the Highland Mary mine at Larder Lake. We know nothing about this mine, and we don't suppose The Telegram knows anything about it either, but if that journal boasts a virtue, why does it not practice it and close its columns to mining share advertisements, as SATURDAY NIGHT does? Or if it cannot refuse the advertising, it can cease professing superior virtue.

Here is part of the Highland Mary advertisement in The Telegram:

"The ore veins of Larder Lake assay all the way from \$5.00 to \$20,000 to the ton of ore—the most marvelous results known of any mining camp in the world. We figure out that the ore will run \$30.00 to the ton right through, but, for an example as to future earnings, and to figure safely, we will say that the ore will average \$25.00 to the ton. Now, the capacity of a five-stamp mill is about fifteen tons of ore per day, but for safe figuring we will place it at ten tons per day. Ten tons of ore at \$25.00 per ton per day will amount to \$250.00 per day. It will cost to operate a five-stamp mill, including cost of mining the ore, about \$25.00 per day, which will leave at least \$225.00 per day profit for each five-stamp mill installed. One mill alone for one month, 26 working days, will make a profit of \$5,840, or a trifle over \$70,000 for one year. Ten of these mills of the capacity of five stamps will be installed at the earliest possible moment. Ten mills of this capacity when in operation will produce a profit for the company of from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 per annum, but the number of mills will eventually be more than ten."

This sounds pretty good.

And the shares are going at ten cents each. Why doesn't The Telegram rush in and buy them all up?

"The difficulty is to get men in the public service who will go forward with the same sacrifice of personal interest and the same single purpose as they would if they were on the battlefield," says Governor Hughes of New York. "But we are getting there rapidly, and it will not be long before the man who seeks to benefit himself in public office will be treated as a coward."

A Canadian visiting in England has disappeared. The last heard of him he had rented an automobile. Accustomed as he was to magnificent distances in Canada, no doubt he got up speed and ran right off the edge of the Old Country.

A contemporary says that Mr. Mackay is in the van of provincial Liberalism. It is not a van, but a band wagon.—Toronto News. And yet from another point of view it looks strangely like a hearse.

The Gravenhurst Electric Power Plant at South Falls will be formally opened on Monday, October 7, by Hon. Adam Beck, chairman of the Hydro-Electric Commission, and a banquet will be held in the Gravenhurst town hall on the evening of the same day in honor of the event. By the development of the plant the northern town will have a large block of power for sale to industries. In referring to Gravenhurst and its progress, it might be noted that just twenty years ago the town was wiped out by a great fire, \$750,000 worth of property being destroyed.



## Who's Who Out West



ALEXANDER CAMERON RUTHERFORD

AMONG the gentlemen upon whom Toronto University conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws last week, was one man, who, while a son of old Ontario, and for many years a citizen of his native province, yet earned the title to his degree because of his work in forming and directing the policies of a younger but sister province in the farther west. Alexander Cameron Rutherford, Premier of the province of Alberta, was born at Osgoode, in the county of Russell, on February 2nd 1858.

Now the man from O-sgoode, in many ways, is as forceful a personality as the man from Glengarry. Premier Rutherford passed from the public schools into Woodstock College. Woodstock matriculated him into McGill, and at twenty-three he was graduated with the degree of B.A. and B.C.L.

The young graduate studied law at Ottawa, in the office of Scott, McTavish and McCracken, a firm which gave its senior member to the Government of Canada, and its second member to the bench. Later Mr. Rutherford was with the law firm of O'Connor & Hogg, and in 1885 was called to the bar. For ten years he practised law in Ottawa, but in 1895 joined the trek to the West and located in what has grown to be the city of Strathcona.

In Strathcona, Premier Rutherford first took an active part in politics. As a Liberal he represented the constituency in the last territorial assembly. In this assembly he was Deputy-Speaker. After the new provinces were created Mr. Rutherford was asked to form a government for Alberta, and was highly successful in the task. Besides being Premier, he is also Minister of Education and Provincial Treasurer.

The Department of Education, however, has been his special care, and he has laid broad and true foundations of Alberta's educational system. To him fell the delicate task of deciding upon the location of the provincial university. Calgary claimed it; likewise did Edmonton. The controversy as to which city it should go to became embittered. When the decision was announced, however, there were heart-burnings in both cities, for the Premier decided that Strathcona, his home city, was the best location. A writer summed up the situation in the following stilt:

"Once, (says an author, where, I need not say) two members found an oyster in their way. Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong. While each in hand the Premier came along. Before him each with clamor pleads the laws. Explains the matter and would win the cause. The Premier, weighing long the seeming right. Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight. The cause of strife removed so rarely well. There (says the Premier), take ye each a shell. The city of Strathcona thrives on fools like you: 'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu!'"

This summer Mr. Rutherford attended the educational conference of the Empire in England. Since his return the preliminary steps are being taken for the opening of the university at Strathcona. It is an ideal spot for an institution of learning, being situated on the high and wooded bluffs of the Saskatchewan. It is this man, who has had so much to do with the formation of the educational system of Alberta, that Toronto University honored last week.

In personal intercourse the most striking characteristic of Mr. Rutherford is his simple straightforwardness. A big stalwart man, he moves quietly among his fellow townsmen with a friendly nod and a kind word for everybody. An honest, upright figure in politics, scarcely fifty years of age, he bids fair to enjoy a long lease of power. At present he directs the destinies of the province of Alberta, secure in the knowledge that he has the undivided confidence of her people.

### A Description of August Belmont.

AUGUST BELMONT is looked upon as the most representative man on Wall Street. As Current Literature remarks, he is not so much to blame for the fact that his horizon is bounded so narrowly. He was brought up in Wall Street, so to speak. His father was head of the famous banking house of August Belmont & Company, American representatives of the Rothschilds. Belmont the son inherited the traits that made Belmont the father a Wall Street despot.

Here is a description of the man as given us in The Broadway Magazine:

Long after the financial district is deserted at night a light often gleams in the banking office of Belmont & Company at 23 Nassau street. A casual observer would say that a belated clerk was busy over his books, but the man at the desk is generally none other than August Belmont himself.

He has been seated at his desk since the office opened in the morning, a veritable business motor, doing double duty, directing with sharp, terse orders, executing with the rapid and perfect mechanical precision that shows much training and natural aptitude. After the force has departed he is still poring over his letters, dictating rapidly to a secretary.

In speech, dress and manner he appears offhand the dapper banker, affluent-looking, brusque, keen, selfish, practical. He is undersized in stature, with a well-knit

but unprepossessing figure, a well-shaped head, set closely upon shoulders that once athletic, have grown to stoop beneath big burdens. His face, though full, is heavily lined, showing, too, and very clearly, the struggles of his later years.

The contradictions in the man's character are remarkable. The man who defied a city is, strange to say, a man whom a petty trifle will upset for an entire day. On one occasion he is known to have kept his entire office force in a turmoil for over half a day because one of his private secretaries had failed to appear. He sat at his desk storming and fussing, tapping loudly with his pencil and calling repeatedly for the absent employee. When at length the secretary came, he greeted him smilingly, asked one or two important questions, and then plunged easily into his correspondence.

He is both autocratic and democratic in manner. From two members of his office force you might hear two utterly different characterizations of the man. He is very often testy, querulous, domineering, and, as an exasperated clerk expressed himself, "the devil only knows what." Yet again he is a gentleman and often as warm-hearted as an Irishman. A few of his clerks do not like him. Others, close in his confidence, would almost lay down their lives for him.

There is another side to Belmont's career that will appeal to the sporting instincts of mankind. He was for years the head of the syndicate that built and sailed the yachts that defended so successfully the America's Cup against the British contestants. And he has been the most prominent patron of the horse race in America. Says Mr. Johnston: "His racing interests are greater than those of any other turfman in the country. And he makes racing pay! He owns breeding farms at Lexington, Ky., a large nursery farm near Babylon, Long Island, and the well-known Blempton stables; he built and has financial control of the splendid Belmont Park Race Track, and is interested in other large tracks throughout the country, and, like Mr. Keene, he seldom or never bets."

One of his horses, Rocksand, won the English Derby a number of years ago. In addition to his yachting and horse racing—typical Wall Street sports—he has been a noted whip, an expert cross-country rider and polo player, and is a member of more than a score of clubs. He displays but little interest in art or in society. Politics, however, is another game which appeals to him. He was elected to Congress in 1901 and served out his term.

THE comments of the London Times and of some other British journals on the Asiatic question as it affects British Columbia, are admirably designed to aggravate a situation that is difficult enough already. The day for schoolmasters' lectures to a country like Canada are quite out of date.

The wealthy passenger for Europe does not now book a cabin of a steamship, but engages a suite, which is in reality a commodious flat, consisting of four luxuriously appointed rooms—drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom and bathroom—furnished and decorated in the most costly and artistic manner with a rare and beautiful variety of woods, upholstered with silks, damasks, tapestries and brocades. Every possible convenience is provided—even the blessings of the telephone have not been overlooked, so that passengers in their staterooms may call up friends in distant parts of the ship and make appointments for dinner, etc. The morning constitutional is taken on a deck almost as broad as a street, and a newspaper containing all the latest news of the world, as received by wireless telegraphy, is distributed every day. After dinner one may chat in the palm garden. All this will show that the transformation of ocean travel has been most wonderful in the last sixty years, considering that for hundreds of years before very slight improvements were made.

"Big Bill" Taft, who will probably be the next President of the United States, is to travel from Vladivostok to Moscow, a ten days' journey, in a train de luxe, which will consist of dinner, observation car and three sleepers. This will be in the middle of November, and special provisions, including fruit and vegetables, will be put on board the train at different points. At St. Petersburg the secretary will be the guest of the Czar.

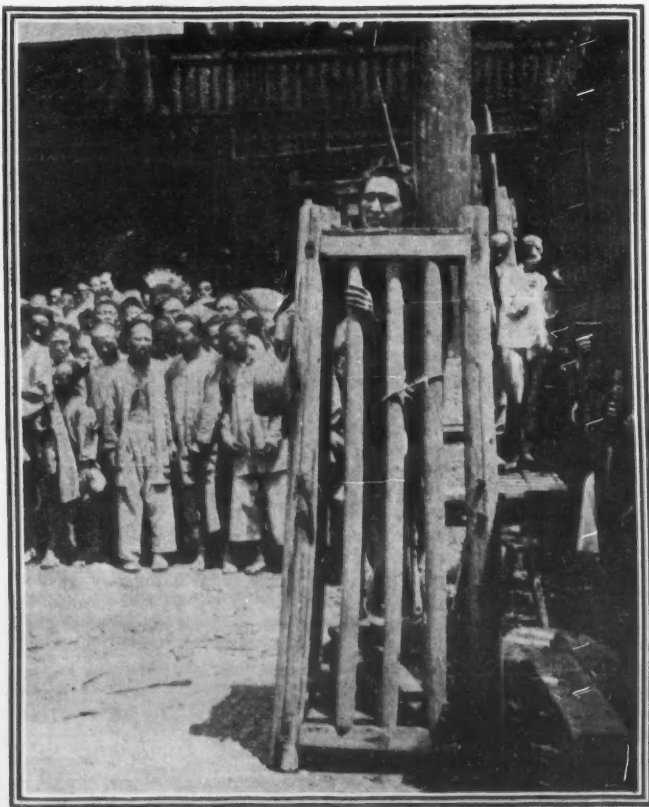
### China's Most Terrible Punishment.

CHINA has many forms of death punishment, but the photograph shows the most terrible death that the "Yellow Kingdom" inflicts on its evil-doers. This picture shows us what China is at her worst—using revenge instead of justice, and ruling by terror.

The death in the cage is reserved for those committing the most atrocious crimes. The victim in the photograph is a notorious river pirate who has killed several persons.

His last offence was the gouging out of a man's eyes. He was placed in this cage with planks coming snugly around his neck while several flat stones were placed under his feet. He stood in the thoroughfare of the six gates of the city of old Shanghai for one day at each gate. During all that time he had to stand erect or strangle. He was then placed in an open square, where one stone was to be removed each day until he died of strangulation.

This fiendish punishment is seldom resorted to, as it creates great excitement among the Chinese. Dense crowds were around this criminal every day. The day before the removing of the stones, however, a friend in some way got to him some deadly opiate by which he killed himself. The first day the criminal allowed snap-shots to be taken at fifty cents each; the second he charged five dollars, Mexican silver (\$2.00 gold). Our photographer got him to consent to the removal of his hat so that his face would show. Two Chinese photographers got pictures of him and placed them in their windows as advertisements. The crowds attracted to see and buy the pictures were so great that the police ordered them taken down. It is necessary to explain that law-abiding Chinese have shaved heads and wear the queue—the badge of loyalty in the Manchu Dynasty. The hair of criminals is allowed to grow.



China's Most Terrible Punishment.

### President Falconer, Toronto University.

An Interview that is no Doubt Quite Spurious.

"Are you the Rev. Dr. R. A. Falconer, M.A., B.D., LL.D., Litt.D., of Halifax, the new president of our university?"

"I am, SATURDAY NIGHT."

"Well, I should like to know what kind of a president you will make?"

"I don't know, SATURDAY NIGHT. What do you think about it?"

"I cannot say until I know what you are prepared to do for the Beadle."

"Beadle! Beadle!" They said nothing about this when they cabled to me. What am I supposed to do?"

"You must have some idiosyncrasy which he can copy. For instance, the late acting president always had the bottom button of his waistcoat undone, and so did the Beadle. Thus was the prestige of the office maintained."

"I understand now. They did not tell me about this. Is the possession of such a mannerism quite necessary in order that I should make a successful president?"

"Very, very necessary."

"Then I will attend to the matter. But you have not answered my question: What do you think of me?"

"I think that, probably, we shall like you very much. You have a pleasant smile and a good voice, an assured manner when speaking in public, and a rather shy manner when meeting strangers in private life. You are fairly good-looking, and have a certain amount of personal magnetism. You wear good clothing, and you carry it well. Your face shows character and you are cautious."

"Cautious?"

"Well, you are Scotch, and took over a month to decide whether you would accept this place or not. Your friends down in Nova Scotia seem to be sorry to part with you. Archbishop McCarty, of the Roman Catholic church, says that you are broadminded; Archdeacon Armitage says that you are public-spirited, have a carefully trained intellect and splendid teaching powers; Dr. MacKay, Superintendent of Education, holds you to be an admirable man with respect to public education; Rev. Dr. MacLean writes that you are a clear-headed theologian, with brilliant ideas, genuine modesty and great force of character; a despatch from Halifax says that you are a man of deep spirituality, and a warm heart; while Professor Forest expresses the opinion that Toronto University could not have found a stronger man for president on either side of the Atlantic. You see, then, that you are broad-minded, public-spirited, warm-hearted, a good teacher, a clear-headed theologian, an admirable man with respect to public education, and that you have a deep spirituality, brilliant ideas, genuine modesty and great force of character."

"Tut! tut! SATURDAY NIGHT, you must not judge a man by what his friends say about him."

"We will not, Mr. President. You will have to make good here. But I am afraid that—"

"I will not make a good university president."

"Not that exactly. I believe that you will quite satisfy the expectations of the Board of Governors. They want a man who will work incessantly. They want a man who will manage the university as a manufacturer manages his business. The students represent the raw material. They want you to turn out a good article and increase the output and reduce the running expenses. You have got to deliver the goods, see! This is the spirit of Canadians at present, and it is felt in our university. The men in charge want somebody who will advertise the colleges and boom things. Byron E. Walker, however, has pointed out that you are conscious that you have ten years of hard work ahead of you, and somebody else has said that your capacity for work is unusual."

"Yes, I certainly intend to work hard."

"That is what I fear, Dr. Falconer; you want my opinion—you have almost asked for it. My idea of a university president, is a man who leaves the whole university with his personality. He should occupy somewhat the same position to the university as the editor-in-chief does to his newspaper. An editor, worth his salt, makes his influence felt by every member of his staff—quietly, but none the less surely. Should not a university president be able to mingle with the students, entertain the professors, have a sufficient salary so that he may be respected in this business community, and be allowed ample time to think? Real thinking has become nearly obsolete. What can be expected of a man who must run the advertising department, use the big stick to quiet quarrelling professors, please a clientele of business men and look after the welfare of three thousand students?"

"Well, now really, SATURDAY NIGHT, this is all very interesting, but I must leave you. I have to hurry—I have so much to do."

"Quite so, Mr. President, but I thank you for the interview."

"I think I have interviewed you."

"May be you have. Good-bye, Dr. Falconer."

## WHERE THE MOSQUITO IS A TERROR

In the Bush of North Ontario—The Fang and Howl of the Wolf Are as Nothing Compared to the Proboscis and Hum of the Mosquito.

WEBSTER'S English Dictionary defines Mosquito as "a small dipterous stinging insect of several species, having a sharp pointed proboscis, by which it punctures the skin of animals, and sucks their blood."

This description, though doubtless scientifically correct, seems tame to one just returned from the bush, in the rapidly developing district of New Ontario, where the mosquito is to be met by the million in full vigor, and is one's constant assailant from early morn till dewy eve.

The writer was recently engaged for some weeks in telegraph construction work from Englehart all along the line to McDougall's Chutes, sixty-five miles or so on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, and can therefore personally vouch for the latter part of Webster's definition, if the words "and human beings" are inserted after "animals."

Anyone who has not traversed this district would hardly believe the actual conditions that exist, as regards the mosquito, and their able and indefatigable companion, the black fly. In our camp we had three men who had lived in South Africa, and one for seven years in Australia, and we met a man who had resided both in India and South Africa, and they all agreed that they had never seen these pests in such swarms, nor so virulent. Here again, Canada leads the world.

At night time before attempting to finally turn in, we had to light a "smudge" of wet leaves and wood in a pail, and let this smoulder for some time in the tent to drive out our undesirable companions; then, when this was effected—we in the meantime being stung by the mosquitoes hovering about outside—we all entered and fastened up the flaps of the tent as securely as possible, and the residue of smoke hanging above our heads as we lay or sat up on our straw mattresses and blankets, seemed sufficient to keep out further intruders, at any rate till we had dropped off to sleep.

Some of us fixed up an arrangement above our heads made out of a rectangular piece of iron wire, about four feet by three, with cheesecloth sewn on to it and let this hang over us as we slept, carefully tucking the sides of the netting round us, but even this was insufficient to keep them out entirely and a few generally managed to creep under the folds, to be discovered next morning on the inside top of the net, in a bloated condition, proving that they had enjoyed a prosperous night. Ordinary fly netting is quite useless. I have actually watched mosquitoes alight on the outside of this, and carefully walk through a double thickness of it.

During the daytime it is almost impossible to work without keeping one's face, neck and arms copiously smeared with "fly oil" or carbolic ointment, which can be bought at any store north, but the effects of this, though instantly efficacious, soon pass off on a hot day, and has constantly to be renewed to get any continued relief.

The black fly swarm here also in myriads, crawling all over and under one's clothes, and biting ferociously. One of our party, a Scotchman, who had lived in Durban, South Africa, for four years, was so terribly bitten on the legs that they swelled to more than double their usual size, and he at one time seriously contemplated having to give up his job, and return south, eventually, however, getting them right again with carbolic ointment, and careful bandaging.

It is difficult to get people to realize from mere description the intense continual irritation caused by these insect pests, and for some the danger of blood poisoning that sets in. We heard of prospectors being obliged to leave their claims, as they were being driven mad by the flies hovering around them in black clouds all day long, and biting till the blood ran down their faces in streams. My Scotch friend and I suffered a good deal at first at Englehart, and our attempt to bathe one evening in the White River there, was a miserable fiasco. We had to content ourselves with trying to wash in a pail of water, but by the time we had our faces soaped, could not see the top of the pail for black flies, and emerging from our endeavor, very little, if any, cleaner than we were before. Washing is at a decided discount under such circumstances.

The mosquito, at the point of attack, bores through the epidermis, or outer skin, injecting a minute quantity of formic acid to thin down the blood, the diluted mixture being drawn out through the proboscis, by the insect working its body as though it were a pump. If disturbed, however, the injected acid remaining causes great irritation, and raises small bumps which take some little time to disappear. If you allow them free use of your body, the subsequent irritation is slight—but who can reflect in this way whilst being devoured?

The black fly on the other hand seems to take a small piece of flesh right out, causing the blood to flow freely, although at the time you feel nothing of the bite, but the annoyance of the swarms of them around you constantly, and the tickling sensation, make their attacks almost worse than the mosquito.

As the country is cleared and settled, doubtless these pests will gradually die out, but at present the moist nature of the land enables them to exist and multiply indefinitely. A. H. M. F.

Jan Kubelik, the famous violinist, was born in 1880, the son of a market gardener. His wife, who belongs to the great Hungarian nobility, for she was the Countess Marianne von Czaky Szell, seems to have fallen in love with her talented husband at first sight during a concert at which he was playing. Their twin daughters, who are said already to show signs of musical talent, divide their lovely mother's name between them, one being called Mary, and the other Anne. Last March another little daughter was born to the great singer. Kubelik and his wife have a delightful country home near Kolin, in Bohemia.

Lord Herbert Scott, a son of the Duke of Buccleuch, has just resigned his commission as a captain in the army in order to become director of Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Limited, makers and dealers in automobiles. Lord Scott gained some distinction in the late South African war as aid-de-camp to Field Marshal Earl Roberts, and afterward with the Queen's Mounted Infantry. He has also served in India and Malta, and has, for his thirty-four years, seen much of the world, including America. Now he has abandoned the paths that lead to glory for those that yield greater pecuniary returns.







## "Baby's Own" Soap

—is made right with the right ingredients for a perfect soap.

It gives a rich creamy lather beautifully foamy & fragrant;—it improves the complexion;—it cleanses and soothes the skin;—and protects it from hard water, strong sun or wind.

"Baby's Own" is the best soap for every toilet purpose.

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## Femine Fascinations

are many and varied, but where is there one more potent than silky and abundant hair?

Our new **Pompadour Bang** is a radical innovation in this ever popular and becoming style.

It is made upon a comb and spring, cannot possibly sag down, is light as thistle-down, and is very becoming to any countenance. You'll enjoy seeing it and trying it on, and we'll enjoy having you.

Natural Wavy Switches  
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## BREDIN'S CREAM LOAF



Bredin's Cream Loaf

Has the "custom" it has because after all the great masses of the people appreciate quality.

And appreciate it all the more because there's never any "up-and-down" in either price or quality.

Always the same — always the best bread baked.

The best of the wheat ground into the finest of flour.

The sweetest of sweet dairy butter.

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There's the "formula" that gives you the quality and the wholesomeness that you never miss from the

Bredin's Cream Loaf.

5 cents—at your grocer's.



Or direct from the Bredin Bake Shops, 160-164 Avenue Road. Phone North 133.

"I hope he'll reform when you are married." "I don't." "Why, he spends every cent he earns!" "I know it, but he spends it on me."—Houston Post.

## Lady Gay's Column

A WAY up north, beyond Catalina, where the graceful girl, who is so like one of the Floradora Sextette, lives, in her cosy nest on Trinity Bay, beyond the great light of Bonavista and the awesome dungeon, burrowed by the arctic current from its beetling cliff, beyond railway and motor road, stretches a surpassingly beautiful line of coast, encircling in its crescent scenery that transports one to Muskoka, the Georgian Bay, the Thousand Islands and the Saguenay in turn. Little islands, big islands, green slopes and frowning crags, brilliant northern sunsets, great wondrous stars, a moon so clear and exquisite, flooding the sea with silver that one can read and sew by its radiance, and with all else, the glorious northern air and the dear smell of the sea! Little wonder that in the great sweep of Notre Dame Bay I found everything my soul desired, and with the little maid from Placentia for company, spent halcyon days, sailing, exploring, climbing hills, delving into mines, for "it never rains but it pours," and after that first mine on Bell Island I had mines in plenty, only none so difficult or so wet! The little maid belongs in the Tenth Island, but had never made a journey north, though despite that fact she was full of information, legend, and the traditions that seem to float in the tide to all islands and seaports. What she didn't know, we, together, found out.

Notre Dame Bay is chiefly interesting these days, because at the farthest arm of it lies Green Bay, the proposed terminus of the new short route from the west coast of Ireland. Only four days across, we reflected, and sniffing eastward, pretended we could smell the smoke of the peat fires in the Emerald Isle. It is called by the promoters of the short route the fogless zone, and they are to a certain extent justified in their title. But no zone up there is absolutely fogless, and we spent many serious moments taking the record of the days and nights on which "Her were the tick of a blanket, you could see nor rocks, nor shore. Her were the tick you could cut she wif a knife." Then when one asked doubtfully: "But how did you get this boat along?" the captain would relax his weatherbeaten face into a semblance of a smile and his chest would expand with a pride of great seacraft, and he would murmur: "Oh, just push she along, careful, careful," and then with a chuckle he would soliloquize: "Those deep-sea captains, used to all outdoors to caper about in, will have great times bringing their big liners down Notre Dame Bay. Hey! but I see 'em sitting fast on a big rock at night-lift! 'Tis not like us skippers, my dear, that can fairly smell the rocks. Yes sir, I can smell 'em when I can't see 'em, many's the dark night and the tick day I've smelled that chap out by! Hey! them ocean captains will have grand fun getting around that old sinner. Maybe they'll be getting us to bring them safe in, when the fogless zone forgets itself," and again the hard face rippled with amusement, as the naughty old skipper pictured to himself the ocean captain at dawn, stuck on this or that old rock, round which the skipper had crept, sniffing and cautious, many a black night and foggy day. The government yacht *Fionn* was up in Green Bay, poking about one day while we were sailing near, and thereabout is a certain stir of hope and expectancy regarding the proposed new route, but very vague and indefinite so far as we could discover.

A really beautiful copper mine is up at the northeast corner of the grand sweep of coast that encircles Notre Dame Bay, and at Tilt Cove we went ashore to see it. Such a hot clear summer day, that as we toiled up the steep road, winding back on the mountain, we acted like Doukhobors on a pilgrimage, shedding garments by the way, the melting, sweltering way! and leaving them with hospitable house mothers, who were ready to take care of us and our clothing as heartily as if they had known us for ages. Just as an instance of the open handedness of Tilt Cove and other Cove folk up there, I happened to notice a particularly well made apple pastry in a house where I entered to shed a few skirts and wraps. "What a nice pie," I cried to the little maid, and immediately the house-mother said, "Oh, won't you have it." 'Tis just fresh baked, and it's good for

you." My heart warms to those dear folk up north who out of their brief summer abundance are so eager to share with the stranger. The copper mine was high and dry up the mountain, and we wandered with a young miner through its great cuttings, into giant presence chambers, walled with ore and sometimes roofed with a sky so blue that one blinked in looking at it, and down in dark pits, where one was blinded with the gloom, and where no light but the miners' lamps, moving like malevolent will-o'-the-wisps, was seen. No miners were visible, for it takes long usage to train the stranger's eyes to see down there, only the murk in the vast cave, and the damp oppression of the heavy air and the sense of fear and danger, which is unhappily not without justification. "That's a dangerous place," as we passed a quite unprotected hole. "Aye, 'tis that, an' a bye was falling down there last week," answered the young miner soberly. "Him was just looking down, careless, and in him went." "But you got him out?" "No Miss. That hole leads down under the sea. Fishes have likely etten he up long ago!" Another place, a great arching cavern, was propped by three or four slim birch trunks. "Yon's another dangerous place," remarked our guide, even while we stood within it. "Two weeks back, props like they broke, and buried two men," but we did not ask if they had been gotten out, being too intent on getting out ourselves! Once safe on the mountain side, scepticism assailed me. It seemed that the young miner might have—well, you know one does not like the fake-taint, even in that clear true air! I blush to say I made certain enquiries, and the young miner's wonder at the tip I gave him would not have been so evident had he known of my repentance at their result. Wonderful "peacock" ore he gave me, tinted like the tail of that vain oiseau, and with it rare hat pins are headed, and I am wearing them on my head, and faith I don't see much to choose between me and the peacock. And while we stood near the well down which one climbs painfully on a rude ladder flat against the wall, awful sounds came up from the spooky gloom, sounds which matched the darkness and dampness as Dante's wailing spirits matched the Inferno. "For heaven's sake what has happened down there?" I gasped. "They Cornish miners be hymn-singing," said the young miner nonchalantly. "They hymns do make a rare racket, to be sure, wif' echoes like, down a mine!" A rare racket, indeed, like no human voices, rather the shrieking of gnomes, the sobbing of souls in torment, the gloating of cruel torturers, was what came tumbling up that narrow well, from the wide, weird caverns below!

Out of it with quick steps, into the glorious day, and down to the rude wharf to watch for our little ship returning to bear us back to Lewisport, where a branch line takes one to the main railway across the Island. But between us and Lewisport many gay hours and lovely scenes, Piley's Island, with its stories of aborigines; Exploits, chosen by the little maid as the fairest harbor on the Bay; Nipper's Harbor, and can't you feel the sting of that bird of prey, the Newfoundland "skeeter." Of all the trips I have made, (and there are only two for which I have not had time,) about the healthy island of Newfoundland, give me the sail around Notre Dame Bay. The little Clyde will not long be large enough to manage the tourist traffic up there, I fancy!

LADY GAY.



The above Column must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Marie.—Oh, woman, woman! A birthday that is either May or June—you're not sure which. Be good enough to get sure, ere you send Pierre's writing. I've forgotten why I gave you that opinion, but it was right, if I said it.

A. D. C. D. E. F.—Your writing isn't thoroughly formed. You have ambition, honesty, some discretion, conservative turn of mind, and will change and develop a good deal. I hope, before long, I have no particular favorite, but suffer a good deal in

damp and gloomy weather. As we have that any old month in this queer stage of climatic changes, I don't dare say what season I prefer. Many happy returns of your birthday which brings you under Libra, an air sign, and capable of beautiful and fascinating development.

Peggy.—I couldn't possibly wait until Christmas. So sorry I cannot really sympathize, as I've never had a cereal. You know what I mean! Your letter was certainly a contribution to the joy of nations, and it came in handy, for I was rather knotted up with muscular rheumatics. You'll get another of those glimpses this week. I could give them indefinitely only they don't work in with the cold weather. When I have my bungalow, on my own fifty feet of land, in a spot ideal and accessible, I'll ask you down, and so you'll be a long way ahead of sister. *Au revoir*. Many thanks for your readable and funny epistle.

Uncas.—Oct. 21 brings you under Libra, the Scales, an air sign. You are ambitious, but not very definite in your aims; on the whole rather a contented person, practical, just, logical and even-tempered. You could rule wisely and temperately, are careful of detail, like to appear well, and can take excellent care of yourself. It would be wise to rely on your discretion as well as your excellent common sense. Plenty of affection, love of comfort and appreciation of the beautiful are suggested by your lines. You are just the least trifle vain, and should be rather apt at business.

Sheila.—May 24 brings you under Gemini, a double air sign, but you still have the solid qualities of Taurus, the sign from which you have barely emerged. You are conventional and practical in the extreme, hopeful and even in temper and judgment and not likely to be easily influenced or intimidated. Your writing, while strong, honest and courageous, does not show experience and will probably change very much in course of time. You are quite likely to have secured much respect from your friends and success in material things will most likely attend you.

Paddy.—You believe right *ma boucha!* I've been in and out and round about the Green Isle more ways and times than I can spare time to recall, and, without blarney, 'tis the place of all the earth! Now, will you be good? That was very neat of you to transpose the usual salutation, and so give it quite a nice distinctive touch. As to your writing, it is pure concentration, artistic, speculative and full of enthusiasm, (a new one often) always highly magnetic, compelling and of cumulative power and purpose. Plenty of sentiment and some susceptibility, bright perception and quick thought, flying far before possibility of adequate expression. You have original method and distinct individuality. Your birthdate brings you under Pisces, a double water sign, born to love and be loved, and happiest in that good plight. Pisces people are sensitive, clean-minded, careful when in positions of trust, easily discouraged, but brave and faithful in discharge of duty. Writer should be refined, decided and very good company.

Puss.—Your enclosure is quite against the rules. Your own writing shows passion and selfwill, determination uncurbed by judgment, and great tenacity, with bright mentality, indiscretion, and entire lack of tact. I think you have good sequence of ideas, but you lack refinement and reticence.

Peggy (Woodstock).—Don't get your answer mixed with the other Peggy's. You're as opposite as light and darkness. Your writing is feminine, sympathetic and ingratiating, and you have taste, some personal pride in appearance, great love of harmony and a very sweet, gentle and trustful nature. As I am writing this answer on your birthday please accept my kindest good wishes. The delineation is made from the writing only, sometimes, indeed, from the envelope and signature. Your birthday brings you under Libra, an air sign, and its children are clever, original, magnetic, imaginative and often exceedingly clever and intellectual. They are often dreamers, too.

## THE HUNTING SEASON.

Those interested in a place to go hunting this fall should write for a copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," a publication issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System, telling where all kinds of game may be found, list of game laws, descriptive matter regarding the several hunting districts, maps, etc. Sent free to any address on application to J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

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Grace Mae Lamkin  
With the Royal Alexandra Players at the  
Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto.

THE attraction at the Princess Theatre next week will be Sam Bernard in his latest musical farce, "The Rich Mr. Hoggeneimer." The piece ran nearly all last winter at Wallack's Theatre, New York city, and gained the reputation attaching to what was undoubtedly a prosperous and successful engagement in that metropolis. Sam Bernard's position in the world of the comic drama is now unique and secure. He is not only a compelling laughmaker, a thorough master of the methods of farce, but an actor of no small ability. He has recognized that success in the case of a comedian means hard, perpetual work, a definite purpose, a constant desire for improvement, and respect for his calling. His rise into stellar prominence has been rapid.

According to reports Mr. Bernard's latest vehicle for the display of his talent in both serious and comedy work is interesting from start to finish. In a way it may be called a sequel to "The Girl From Kay's," to the extent that it carries along the famous character of "Piggie" Hoggeneimer. Of course, Bernard is Hoggeneimer, but the Hoggeneimer of the new play is twenty years older than he was in Kay's.

"Piggie" is no longer the anxious lover, but is now the anxious father. He has sent his son from London to New York to learn American business methods, and young Guy Hoggeneimer has devoted his time instead to falling in love with a New York shop-girl. "Piggie" gets warning from his American lawyer of Guy's matrimonial danger, sets sail for the new world in order to break off the match, is completely won over by the young lady, and, of course, in the end gives the young folks his blessing.

The play is a Frohman production, and it includes much that is merry in dance and song. The melodies are by Ludwig Engländer, sung by Miss Georgia Caine, principal among which is "All the World's a Toy-Shop." Others are: "Don't you Want to Buy a Paper?" and "Poker Love."

The production has been elaborately staged, and the company is one of the largest ever seen here. Mr. Bernard is said to have in this new play the best opportunities he ever had to show his versatility.

FOLLOWING "Mrs. Dane's Defence" the offering of the Royal Alexandra Players next week will be "The Other Girl," one of the newest works of Augustus Thomas, who has many good things to his credit. The piece ran all last season at the Empire Theatre, New York, and was very successful.

The story deals with an athletic clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Bradford, and his physical instructor, "Kid" Garvey, a pugilist. The training quarters are arranged in the back yard of Henry Waterman, a Wall street broker and brother-in-law of the clergyman. The training bouts between the clergyman and the pugilist are much enjoyed by the former's friends, including a number of ladies, who manage to take a sly look at the training quarters. Among the latter is a Philadelphia heiress, Catherine Fulton, who greatly admires the physical ability of the prize-fighter. They arrange to elope in an automobile. Their plans are frustrated by the minister and Estelle Kitterage, a New York girl with

some sense, who takes Catharine's place in the car. Garvey is arrested for speeding, and he and Estelle are forced to pass the night in a police station. Catharine's father hears the story and, believing Estelle to be guilty of the escapade, orders his daughter to shun her. In the end everything is straightened out by the author, and ends to the satisfaction of everyone.

"The Other Girl" will be perfectly staged to the smallest detail, and those who have had the pleasure of seeing the Royal Alexandra Players can have but little doubt as to the excellence of the acting that will be given it. Matinees will be given Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

AN excellent bill of high class vaudeville is promised at Shea's Theatre next week. The headliner act will be "Gus Edwards' School Boys and Girls" with Herman Timberg. The special feature for the week will be Edwin Forsberg and Company, presenting "The Card Party." Other features on the bill are Adolph Zink, The Zanettes, Daisy Harcourt, Countess Olga, Rossi and Mons Paulo, Three La Maze Bros. and the Kinetograph.

WE pay for everything in this world, but perhaps nothing costs so much as the gift of imagination. He who possesses it to any degree sometimes wonders, in those dark moods known only to his kind, whether it is most a blessing or a curse. Turning the pages of a story and finding on none the magic light he looks for, sitting out a play that has no slightest breath of the illusive something that would give it life to him, he sometimes feels that it were better to be a groundling and so be able to enjoy whatever is provided, and to laugh and applaud with the rest. But when a Barrie arises and gives a "Peter Pan" to the world, then your man of imagination knows that his gift is worth all it costs.

This delightful play of child-fancy has been given this week at the Princess Theatre, with Maude Adams as Peter. Of her acting of the part of the boy who would not grow up no more praise can be given than to say that it is completely satisfying, and that it is all that even Mr. Barrie could desire. The story of this fairy play, which is quite unique among plays, is well known. Peter Pan, wanting always to be just a boy, ran away from this world to the Never, Never Land. But liking stories he came back and listened at nursery windows sometimes to the tales being told at bedtime. In this way he makes the acquaintance of the children of the Darling family, teaches them to fly, and off they go through the window. Then they encounter Indians and pirates and have many droll adventures; Peter finally taking them home, bidding them good-by, and going off again to Fair-land.

It is very unfortunate, however, that we could not in Toronto hear this delightful play entirely as it was written. It has been given here just



Florence Walton  
A famous dancer with "The Rich Mr. Hoggeneimer" company, appearing at the Princess Theatre next week.

as it was presented in New York, with its American adaptations, which in parts quite spoil the play, for its whole tone and atmosphere are essentially of the old land. The running up of the Stars and Stripes on the pirate ship is bad enough, but to hear boys in the Barrie's Never, Never Land expressing the ambition to acquire themselves like "American gentlemen" is enough to make the fairies weep, and the angels also. To hear that phrase, which is associated with the lingo of coarse Yankee boudiers, on the lips of the associates of Peter Pan is about as shocking in this country as to hear curses fall from the mouth of a cherub. When will there be some modification of the bad judgment and bad taste of United States theatrical managers in such matters when they send plays and players to Canada?

THE Royal Alexandra Players made their bow to the public on Monday night, and during the week they have been presenting Henry Arthur Jones' stirring drama, "Mrs. Dane's Defence," to quite large and very cordial audiences. Right at the start the new company of players make a favorable impression. Individually they are of good ability, and furthermore they appear to have cultivated discrimination to a considerable degree and to have caught the idea as to what constitutes good acting. It might also be said that they seem to be very conscientious workers.

"Mrs. Dane's Defence" is a play in which Margaret Anglin scored one of her successes. The author doesn't dally with his theme. He plunges right into it and never deserts it for a moment. Not one of the characters apparently has any other interest in life, for the time being, beyond Mrs. Dane and her story. This deprives the piece to some extent of naturalness, but it adds much to its dramatic intensity. Mrs. Dane is a widow who arrives in the town of Sunning-water, some miles from old London. Young Lionel Carteret, adopted son of Sir Daniel (Sir Justice) Carteret, falls in love with her despite the latter's advice, and throws over his attractive young fiancée, Janet Colquhoun. Before the marriage can take place, however, Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, who revels in scandal, is unthinkingly told by her nephew, James Risby, that Mrs. Dane resembles a governess he once knew in Vienna, who had a liaison with her employer. Risby seeks to recall what he has said, but ineffectually. Mrs. Bulsom-Porter must know all about Mrs. Dane. Then Sir Justice Carteret undertakes the latter's defence. The climax comes when the unfortunate woman breaks down under his keen questioning, and admits her guilt. Lionel is forced to give her up, and she goes out into the world, broken and helpless. The play points a moral—that the inevitable sufferings of an erring woman result from the breaking of a law as old as the world, and not from the inhumanity of society.

Miss Edith Evelyn, the leading woman, is sufficiently effective as Mrs. Dane. She has an agreeable voice, and seems suited for emotional roles. Mr. Robert Connors, who plays Sir Daniel Carteret, is an easy and resourceful actor. He will be seen to advantage, no doubt, in comedy. Mr. Thomas Coleman, as Mr. Bulsom-Porter, and Mr. Charles Miller, as Risby, have little opportunity of showing their mettle, but both will prove very adaptable. Miss Elfreda Lasche also has a colorless role in Janet, but her brightness and vivacity will in all likelihood make her a favorite with Alexandra audiences. Miss Grace Mae Lamkin promises well indeed, being natural and pleasing. Mr. Herbert E. Yost has capacity for youthful roles. Mr. Robert McWade, Jr., has the gift of humorous character impersonation. So also has Miss Elizabeth Morgan. Mr. Albert Brown has adaptability, and should prove a useful member of the company.

SAM BERNARD, who appears at the Princess Theatre next week in "The Rich Mr. Hoggeneimer," tells a story in which the joke is on the ladies. He says: "Yes, I like to play matinees. Lady audiences are all right, but the humor has to be made simple for them. There has been a good deal of talk about horse-play in theatres. But



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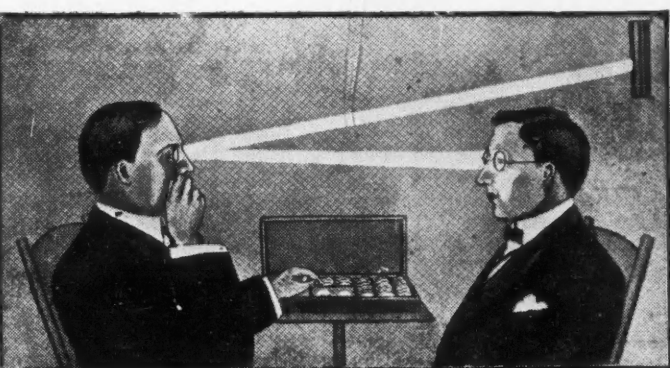
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does it surprise you to hear that most of the horse-play is for audiences of the beautiful sex? Not having much of a sense of humor, women have to be helped to laugh by the most obvious means.

"I remember a matinee at Providence that seemed hopeless. We did our best to make them laugh, but we didn't get a smile. Every woman sat straight as a ramrod with an 'I've got to do my duty' expression. It made me desperate. I had to do something, so while I told the 'feathers' story in Kay's I fell over a table. That broke the ice. The women laughed in shrill little titters, and kept on laughing, most of them with their hands over their mouths. But I had got my cue. I nearly killed myself tumbling over the furniture and stumbling over my feet, but the ladies in front called me out, and I had to make a curtain speech. For audiences of women the humor must be as for children—of the most obvious kind."

Editor—You live in a boarding house, don't you?  
Paragraphic Serf—I do.

Editor—How is it we never get any tough spring chicken jokes from you?  
Paragraphic Serf—They can't afford chicken where I board. I write hash jokes.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Traveller—Can't you hurry that horse up a bit?  
Driver—Fraid I can't, stranger. I've tried everything but twisting his tail, an' I'm savin' that for the climb up the school hill.—Chicago News.

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"Great king," the poet cried, his robe stringing,  
"Thy name shall live forever—through my singing!"  
"Poor fool," the king replied, "that lie is hoary;  
Thy songs may live—because they chant my glory!"  
So, each, the sword or zither glorifying,  
In turn proclaimed his work alone undying;  
And while their wordy warfare shook the rafters,  
Old Time stood by and held his sides for laughter!  
—Arthur Guiterman in Munsey's.

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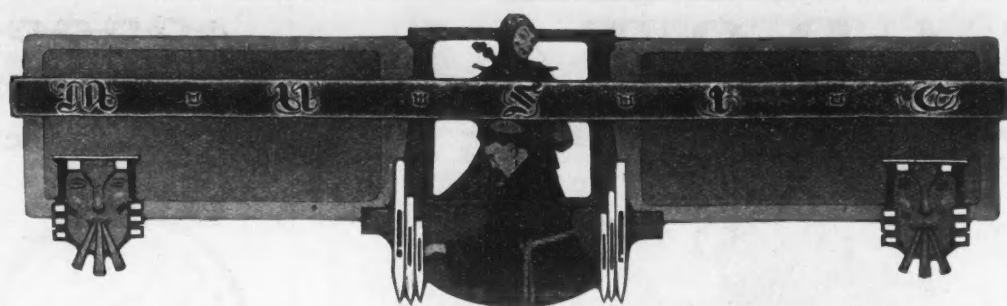
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last Saturday and received the propo-  
sition with great enthusiasm. Mr.  
Bruce Carey and his committee gave  
the members a week to make up their  
minds. It is probable that the choir,  
should they decide to come here, will  
fix a date late in February. My own  
personal wishes are all in favor of  
giving the people of Toronto an op-  
portunity of hearing the choir, as I  
am certain their performance will  
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vember 18, 19, 20, and will produce  
Puccini's "Madam Butterfly," with  
practically a new cast of principals.  
Mr. Savage's representation of "The  
Merry Widow" is meeting with im-  
mense success and it is regrettable  
that there is no prospect at present  
of his bringing the opera here this  
season.

The Toronto Oratorio Society, J.  
M. Sherlock, conductor, is busy re-  
hearsing the "Creation," and the  
splendid progress that is being made  
gives promise of a more than ordi-  
nary successful performance of this  
beautiful oratorio. Gaul's "Joan of  
Arc," which is the work to be per-  
formed at the second concert, will be  
taken up for the first time at the  
regular practice next Tuesday, and  
the conductor promises to the friends  
and patrons of the society a decided  
treat in this work, which will be  
given its initial performance in this  
city at these concerts. The chorus  
is considerably larger than in former  
seasons and will, as usual, be rein-  
forced by a full orchestra and noted  
soloists.

Miss Berenice Parker has returned  
to the city after filling a very success-  
ful summer engagement with the  
Jessie Bonstelle Co., at the Star  
Theatre, Buffalo. The Buffalo papers  
speak highly of Miss Parker's ability  
as an actress. Miss Parker has re-  
sumed her classes and is prepared to  
coach students in acting, elocution,  
and physical culture. Miss Parker  
is situated in her former quarters and  
studio, 11 Carlton Chambers, corner  
Carlton and Yonge, and will inter-  
view prospective pupils Tuesdays and  
Fridays, afternoons or evenings.

Miss Mae Dickenson, who has re-  
cently returned from doing Europe  
for study and recreation, is engaged  
for a series of fifty concerts in the  
West. She is accompanied by Miss  
Helen Badgley, a gold medalist and  
graduate of the Emerson School of  
Oratory, Boston, Mass. The series  
opens at Kenora and Winnipeg on  
the 21st and 22nd inst., and will ex-  
tend to San Francisco and Van-  
couver. These young ladies may  
visit Australia and New Zealand be-  
fore they return. If so one is quite  
sure the reputation of Canada will  
be safe in the hands of this brilliant  
and talented pair of artists.

The engagements of the popular  
Sherlock Male Quartette for October  
will include the annual High school  
concert, Dundas; the Sons of Scot-  
land, Huntsville; First Methodist  
church choir, North Bay; Public  
Library, Drayton; Methodist church,  
King; and the Presbyterian church,  
Parry Sound. This list will no doubt  
be considerably increased before the  
end of the month, judging from the  
demand there is throughout the prov-  
ince for these popular singers.

Miss Ella Hudson, pupil of Mr. J.  
M. Sherlock, has been engaged as  
soprano soloist at the Northern  
Congregational church.

Grieg did not die poor; he was ex-  
tremely popular as a concert-giver  
(pianist and conductor), and might  
have made a fortune had he been in  
more robust health; even as it was,  
his earnings were considerable. Those  
not the one-hundredth of what they  
would have been had the Scandina-  
vian countries secured for their auth-  
ors the advantage of international  
copyright. In the United States alone  
there have been about forty editions  
of his works, from which he did not  
get a penny. A Viennese journalist re-  
lates that he met Grieg in a theatre

at Christiania not long ago, after the  
two hundredth performance of Le-  
har's sensationally successful oper-  
etta, "The Merry Widow." Comment-  
ing on his success, Grieg remarked:  
"I think I can say truly that my  
music also is played all over the  
world. But all my compositions have  
not brought me in much more than  
Lehar's income from this operetta in  
Christiania alone."

Grieg shared the fate of Chopin,  
Liszt, and Wagner in being a com-  
poser whose works the general pub-  
lic, with its keen instinct for genius,  
appreciated at their full value much  
sooner than the critics and minor pro-  
fessionals did, who proved themselves  
in his case, as in the others, the  
sworn enemies of genius. The situa-  
tion is clearly illustrated by some re-  
marks made in the obituary notice of  
the Munich Allgemeine Zeitung:  
"The ardent enthusiasm with which  
he was received during his concert  
tour last spring must have shown  
him how familiar with his works the  
Germans are. The situation is a pecu-  
liar one; Germany loved him, yet  
criticized him with great severity.  
The malicious criticisms were always  
in his mind, and when the present  
writer visited him, a few hours be-  
fore his Munich concert, he had bitter  
things to say about German critics.  
He also intimated that they were re-  
sponsible for the fact that for years,  
when he gave concerts, he avoided  
Germany. And yet he did not rightly  
read these criticisms, or he would  
have felt that they conceded a special  
place to him in our musical world."

The writer goes on to say that the  
public loved him because of his beau-  
tiful, tender melodies, his masterly  
harmonies, his lovely instrumental  
colors, his Norse atmosphere; while  
the professionals criticized him be-  
cause he was not always strong in  
thematic development. "The simpli-  
city of Grieg's form, the melancholy  
loveliness of his melodies, made him  
one of the most popular of modern  
composers, one who was particularly  
loved in Germany, and who will be  
loved beyond his grave."

Some admirably incisive remarks  
may also be quoted from the London  
Truth: "Grieg's reputation with the  
quidnuncs would rest much higher if  
his music were less generally liked.  
As it is, the average critic is apt to  
take the view that it cannot be really  
fine and original music which moves  
every schoolgirl to admiration. . . .  
Yet, if some of our native composers  
would only bear in mind to an equal  
extent the requirements, not neces-  
sarily of school girls, but of the public  
at large, how much more they might  
accomplish! Instead, they aim too  
often at a profundity which is beyond  
them. Depth is doubtless a desirable  
quality, but it is not invariably at-  
tained by boring. This, at all events,  
was not Grieg's way."

Mr. David Ross has sailed for  
England by the S.S. Lake Champlain.

Owing to the increasing demand  
upon Mr. Arthur Blight's time he has  
found it necessary to resign his posi-  
tion as soloist in the Metropolitan  
church.

The junior and senior rudiments  
classes, held weekly from October un-  
til June, at the Toronto College of  
Music, 14 Pembroke street, will com-  
mence on Saturday morning, October  
12. The fee for these classes is  
merely nominal and students of music  
have thus an opportunity to study  
elementary theory with competent  
teachers. The secretary will gladly  
give any further information that  
may be required.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening hav-  
ing been fixed for the Harvest  
Thanksgiving at St. Simon's church  
the "Harvest Cantata," by Dr. Gar-  
rett, will be given by the choir under  
the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harri-  
son. The evening service will be  
shortened so as to allow time for the  
cantata without unduly lengthening  
the service.

A large attendance is expected at  
the Conservatory Music Hall the  
evening of Oct. 24, when Miss Angela  
Edwards, the brilliant pianiste, and  
soprano singer, gives her first concert  
in this city, under the patronage of  
the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Mortimer  
and Lady Clark. Miss Edwards who  
has studied for many years under the

best masters in Europe, and also at  
the Royal Academy of Music, Lon-  
don, Eng., where she won several  
medals and the highest diploma for  
pianoforte playing, will render a pro-  
gramme of very attractive piano and  
vocal solos. Pianoforte numbers will  
include compositions of Mendelssohn,  
Liszt, and Chopin. Able assistance  
will be given by Miss Birdie Luttrell,  
the well known reader.

Miss Marion L. Wilson, A.T.C.M.,  
a pupil of Miss Jennie E. Williams,  
has been added to the staff of vocal  
teachers of the Toronto Conservatory  
of Music. Miss Wilson is one of this  
year's graduates at the Conservatory.

The Toronto Festival Chorus had  
an excellent rehearsal at the Toronto  
College of Music on Tuesday even-  
ing last. The new work, "The Cross  
of Fire," which will be given by the  
chorus and orchestra in November at  
Massey Hall, is most effective and  
the chorus have their work in good  
shape. The soprano and alto sections  
are better than ever, and the male  
chorus is greatly increased. Dr. Tor-  
rington has ever reason to be proud  
of the outlook for this season. The  
rehearsal next Tuesday evening will  
be with the orchestra at Victoria  
Hall and all who expect to take part  
in the performance of the work must  
be present.

A new opera entitled "Die Hoch-  
zeit" (the wedding), music by Iwan  
Knorr, will be given for the first time  
at the Prague Opera House. Prof. I.  
Knorr is one of Germany's most emi-  
nent musical authorities, and at pres-  
ent teacher of counterpoint and in-  
strumentation at Dr. Hoch's Conser-  
vatory in Frankfurt-am-Main. He  
succeeded Engelbert Humperdinck,  
the composer of "Hansel and Gretel,"  
at that institution.

The Jewish Press Bureau informs  
us that there will shortly be published  
in Russia a new opera that will be  
of interest to Jews of all lands. The  
libretto is taken from Eugene Tchir-  
ikoff's play "The Jews." The com-  
poser, Mathew Bensman, also is a  
Hebrew. He is at present director of  
the choral society Hazomir in War-  
saw. A Warsaw critic expresses the  
belief that Bensman's opera "will cre-  
ate a stir in the Jewish world."

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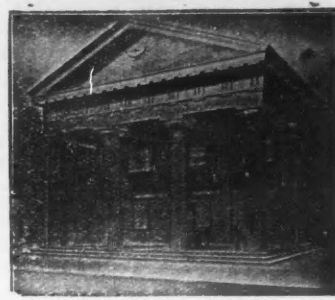
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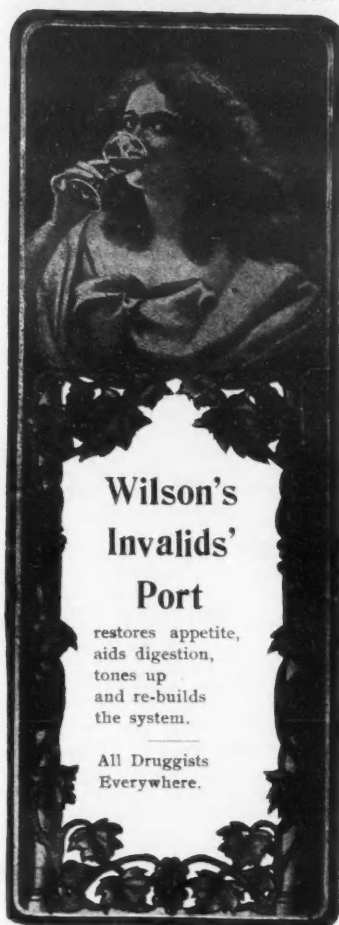
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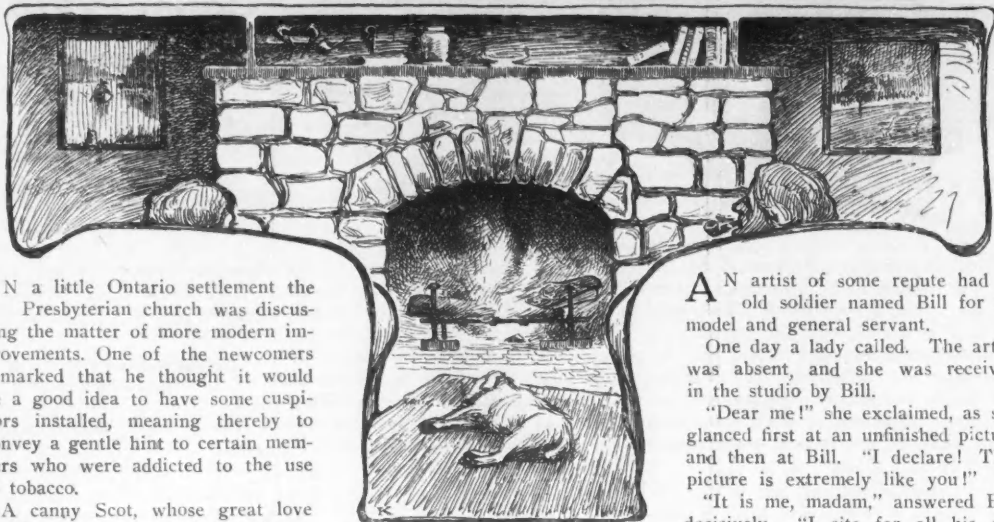
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# A NECDOTAL



IN a little Ontario settlement the Presbyterian church was discussing the matter of more modern improvements. One of the newcomers remarked that he thought it would be a good idea to have some cuspidors installed, meaning thereby to convey a gentle hint to certain members who were addicted to the use of tobacco.

A canny Scot, whose great love for the church outran his knowledge, immediately expressed himself as pleased with the suggestion, and said:

"I heartily agree wi' the remarks of the last speaker, and in order to breeng this maitter to a vote, I now move that John McTavish and Alexander Macpherson be appointed cuspidors for the ensuing year."

A SENSATION recently occurred in a west end London drawing-room. It was at an afternoon party. The hostess, anxious for a sensation and desiring something older than the orthodox thought-reader and the fraudulent palmist, engaged a troupe of performing fleas for the entertainment of her guests. The party was a great success. When it broke up a loud wail rent the air. It was the voice of the impressario frantic with excitement.

"What is it? Tell me, I implore you!" said the hostess.

"Ach, madame. I have lost von of my fleas! Vere has it gone?"

At that moment a lady wearing a gray gown brushed past him.

"Ach, madame, pardon," said the manager, greatly relieved, lightly picking up something from her shoulder—"von of my artistes!"

SOME years ago a bright young American girl was introduced to the Khedive, and amused him greatly by her remarks on Egypt and the Egyptians. During the conversation he asked her if she had managed to pick up any of the native language.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I know a few words."

"Let us hear them," said Abbas II.

With a clever imitation of the manner of the beggars who infest the East, she pointed to his pocket, and said:

"Backsheesh, Excellency!"

The Khedive laughed at her audacity and handed her a gold coin, which she has ever since treasured as a keepsake.

A SUIT for damages to the property of a Georgian man brought against a railway operating in that state was lost in the Superior Court, but the injured party insisted upon carrying it to the Supreme Court, where he represented his own cause. He began his argument in a somewhat whimsical fashion by saying: "May it please the court, there is an old French adage which declares that a man who is his own lawyer hath a fool for a client."

The next month the Supreme Court pronounced its decision, which was adverse to the Georgian. He was in Atlanta at the time, but received the announcement of his second and final disappointment by a telegram sent him by a prominent judge who was an intimate friend.

The telegram read as follows: "Judgment for defendant in error. French adage affirmed by Supreme Court."

A CERTAIN actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident, and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theatre in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I should be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theatre, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down, and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs."

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman of Boston was once talking with some friends with reference to the desirability of chronological coherence in ideas, in the form of written statement, when he observed that there are times when this method becomes a trifle too suggestive.

"For instance," said the speaker. "I once heard a minister in New Hampshire make his usual Sunday morning announcements as follows: 'The funeral of the late and much-lamented sexton takes place on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Thanksgiving services will be held in this chapel on Thursday morning at 11 o'clock.'"

A VERY aggressive crusade in favor of temperance has recently been going on in a Scottish city, and a young philanthropist who had given large sums of money to help the cause, meeting a convert one afternoon, inquired how he was getting along. The man kept well back.

"Ah, Robert," said the gentleman sadly, "I'm afraid you've been drinking again. I can smell it in your breath. Why not give it up altogether? You never smell the odor of liquor in my breath."

"No, sir, I never did," was Robert's reply; then, in a most anxious tone of voice, he added: "What d'ye dae for it?"

A TRUE specimen of manly chivalry—the very pattern of a small knight who holds the rights of his lady love sacred—was encountered the other day in a Boston kindergarten. The teacher discovered that a very small boy was chewing gum, and she bade him disgorge it.

"I can't," he said.

"You can't?" she answered in surprise. "Why, yes, you can, and you must."

"No, I can't," he persisted, and kept the gum in his mouth.

"Now, why can't you give me that gum, Johnny?" the teacher asked.

"Because," said Johnny shortly, "it belongs to a little girl in Somerville."

THE town hall of the village was crowded to the doors at an entertainment given by a magician. Some clever tricks were performed. "I defy any one in this audience," said the magician, "to mention a single action that I can perform with my right hand which I cannot do with my left."

In the silence that followed this dare, a boy at the back of the hall shouted: "Put you left hand in yer right-hand trouser pocket!"

AN old physician of the last generation was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. One time a lady called him in to treat her baby who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor-oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor-oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

ON his trip homeward by trolley a tired business man was much annoyed by the conduct of three middle-aged ladies who stood near him. They were evidently just returning from a summer tour. All the seats in the car were occupied, but they seemed determined that he should offer one of them his seat.

He screened himself behind his paper and listened to plainly audible remarks about the decline of gallantry in the present age. This grated on his nerves, so he arose, and with a profound bow, addressed the three. "Will the oldest of you ladies honor me by accepting my place?"

Whereupon they became interested in the advertisements over the windows, and the man triumphantly resumed his seat.

AN artist of some repute had an old soldier named Bill for his model and general servant.

One day a lady called. The artist was absent, and she was received in the studio by Bill.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, as she glanced first at an unfinished picture and then at Bill. "I declare! This picture is extremely like you!"

"It is me, madam," answered Bill decisively. "I sits for all his old men. That's what he is specially good at."

"You must be a very useful person to your master," she observed. "And you think he is especially good at old men?"

"Yes," replied Bill. "But why not? 'Cos he's got nothing to do! I orders his frames, washes his brushes, sets his palettes, mixes his colors, and then sits here for him to look at. He's got nothing else to do but to plaster on the paint!"

THE travelling American is the lawful prey of every landlord in Europe. "Candles," especially, are charged to him, though of each candle lighted for him during his stay only half an inch may have been burned.

A New Yorker was shown to a room in a hotel in Brussels, where he found twenty candles stuck in a chandelier. As it was dark the attendant lighted them all; but the guest made him put them out immediately.

In his bill next day, however, he found them charged: "Twenty candles, 10 francs" (\$2).

He went back to the room and took them all out, wrapped them in a bit of paper and slipped them into his overcoat pocket.

When he was about to leave the house he found the servants drawn up in two lines in the hall in the European style—all smiling and ready for the expected tip. Then he drew out his package and distributed the candles one to each as he passed out.

"Allow me, monsieur," said he, with a bow; "permit me, madame. They are very superior candles, I assure you; I paid ten cents apiece for them; good-day."

A SUBURBAN school, just opening for the season, was composed of both city and country children. The teacher selected eight boys to debate the subject: "Which is preferable, Country or City Life?"

After they had read many arguments with much enthusiasm Country Hugh laid down his paper and said: "Mr. President, they don't know what they're talkin' about. The city boy knows nothin' about 'going to town,' and that beats anything I know."

IN a London hotel the other day they were telling the touching story of a visitor who, sitting out in the vestibule, dared to smoke a cigar. The smoke happened to blow into the faces of two strong-minded anti-nicotine women who sat not far away from him.

Boiling with indignation one of them turned and observed loudly to the other: "If he were my husband I'd poison him."

"And if you were my wife," said the smoker, rising and raising his hat, "I should take that poison."

ONE of a party of gentlemen left his corner seat in an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his place. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protests of his fellow-passengers, the seat had been usurped by a woman clad in handsome clothes. With flashing eyes she turned upon him:

"Do you know, sir, that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"Madam," he replied, "were you the director's only wife I should still protest."

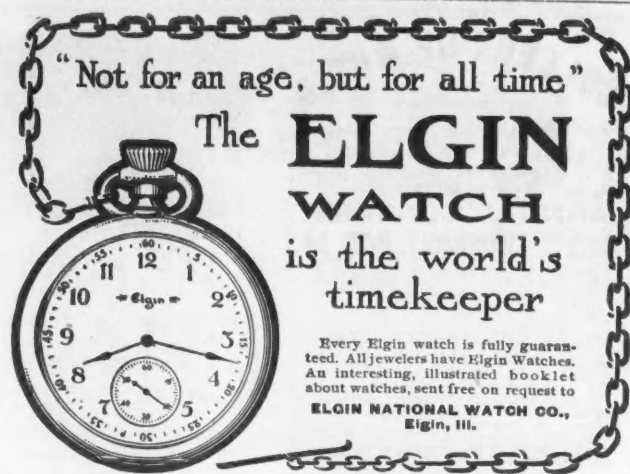
MASTER WALTER, aged five, had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast, and piled the crusts on his plate.

"When I was a little boy," remarked his father, who sat opposite him, "I always ate the crusts of my toast."

"Did you like them?" inquired his offspring, cheerfully.

"Yes," replied the parent.

"You may have these," said Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table.



"Not for an age, but for all time"

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Every Elgin watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. An interesting, illustrated booklet about watches, sent free on request to **ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.**



**THE LUXURY OF RESTFUL SLEEP**

You will never know what a difference the bed makes until you try a Hercules Spring Bed. All the bed troubles you know about: sagging in the middle, stretching out of shape, no spring to it—are ABSENT from the

**Hercules Spring Beds**

The patent interlacing gives 5 times the wear, 5 times the strength, 5 times the spring 5 times the comfort of the ordinary bed.

If you want to enjoy the luxury of restful sleep, have your dealer send a Hercules Spring Bed. Sleep on it for 30 nights. If you are not perfectly satisfied, and do not think it the best bed you ever saw, return it and the dealer will refund your money. This is the Hercules guarantee that goes with every bed.

**GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited**  
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## The Point of View

THE arrival of the new record-breaking British steamship, Lusitania, caused as much stir in New York as the coming of a circus to a country town. Listen to the way a New York correspondent writes of the event:

New York, the most emotional city in the world, has developed, during the past week, a new enthusiasm. Always a nautically-inclined community, the town has gone wild over the truly marvellous achievements and personality of the wonderful new Cunard greyhound, Lusitania, which has just completed her maiden trip to this port from Queenstown. I have spoken, perhaps surprisingly, of the Lusitania's "personality"; yet who will deny that great ships do have personality of the most impressive and distinctive kind? I stood on the roof of one of the great down-town sky-scrapers last Friday and watched the gigantic new liner as she steamed majestically up the river to her dock, greeted by the hilarious screaming of many whistles and the flutter of welcoming flags. Perhaps I am easily thrilled; but I assure you that I felt then a thrill of which I am not ashamed. There was something deeply stirring in the sight of this conquering leviathan, beside which the once mighty Great Eastern would have looked like a cat-boat beside a cup-defender, ploughing her way so serenely and, as it seemed, so disdainfully, up the historic river which has served as the finish line for so many triumphant record-breaking ocean races. I could not but feel stirred as the thought came to me of the inexorable march of human conquests over time and space—at the thought, in this particular instance, that the superb craft before me—the biggest boat ever floated—with her 32,500 tons of steel and wood and copper and her twenty-nine miles of framework in her various decks, could be propelled through three thousand miles of ocean at such a staggering speed—that Europe had been, at last, brought within five days of America—for the fifty-four minutes on the end of the Lusitania's record may, for all practical purposes, be disregarded.

The reception which the big ship received at her pier was astonishing in its volume and apparent sincerity. So great were the crowds of sight-seers that a squad of mounted police were required to make room for the disembarking passengers; and during the next few days sixty bluecoats were needed in the neighborhood of the Cunard docks to restrain the swarming population intent upon inspecting the new maritime curiosity. It is estimated that between fifty and fifty-five thousand spectators made their way to the docks in a single day, and the neighborhood was crowded with vendors selling post-card pictures of the ship, with accompaniment of peanuts and lemonade. It was an occasion of a sort that is seldom witnessed by New Yorkers, and I am glad that I was able to participate in some portion of it.

The manager of Claridge's, in London, has been in America for some time, inspecting the hotels and restaurants of New York and other United States cities, and his conclusions on his return are interesting.

"Your hotels," he said, "structurally and in point of comfort, are superb. The arrangements of your kitchens are marvellous, but your food is inferior in quality and in presentation to that served in London or on the continent. Moreover, it is twice as costly. The service is wretched. The waiters are overpaid, overtopped, undertrained and too independent. They lack that nicety of attention which is insisted upon in Europe."

"They do not even say 'thank you' upon receiving a dollar tip. In London or Europe a waiter who receives sixpence or a shilling is satisfied. If he receives more he is delighted, but unless he is a bad waiter he is always polite."

"I venture to say that an enterprising man who would take a corps of well trained waiters and a staff and open a restaurant in New York with good service would meet with tremendous success."

A lady who signs herself "society butterfly," explains to us in M. A. P. some of the intricacies of the servants' hall in England. Downstairs seems to have its caste and its orders of precedence as well as upstairs, and a strict etiquette governs the relations of the lower domestic world. We are told that the feminine hierarchy of a household consists of the housekeeper and lady's maid, of a

head nurse—where one is kept—and of a cook, when a woman cook is preferred to a chef. None of these wear caps, and they all have their meals in the steward's room. Wine is allowed and a sort of modified evening dress obtains at supper.

Servants' wages move with the times and increase in a marked and menacing manner. A housekeeper is at the head of tariff, and would receive from \$400 to \$500 a year. She is addressed as "Mrs." whether married or single. The wages of a first-rate maid are from \$150 to \$200 per annum, and she claims the reversion of her employer's wardrobe; that is, she expects to get her mistress's clothing when the latter discards it.

An English maid is called by her surname, "White" or "Jones," but a foreign maid's front name is used, "Julie" or "Marie." A lady speaking of her maid to the upper servants would style her "Jones" or "Marie," but when mentioning her to under servants, such as housemaids and footmen, she would allude to her as "Miss Jones" or "Mlle. Marie."

A nurse ranks next after a lady's maid in the scale of domestic precedence. She would be addressed as "Brown" or "Mrs. Brown," as even when single a head nurse often takes brevet rank as a married woman. Many mothers prefer that their nurse shall be dressed in white. This means a white washing frock in summer with white gloves; and in winter, white woollens with a thick white or gray jacket. A small black bonnet is worn with neat strings.

A French *bonne* wears a cap in the house, a smart frilled affair and a white apron to correspond. She would be called "Annette" and Mlle. Annette. A nurse's wages are about \$150. A cook is an important personage, and a first-class cook expects to do no plain cooking, and, of course, no cleaning. She would receive from \$300 to \$500 a year.

With the practical extinction of the race of good servants and the diminution in the supply of any sort of servants, theorists have been saying that we shall be reduced to employing Asiatics or to going quite without service in the strictly personal sense.

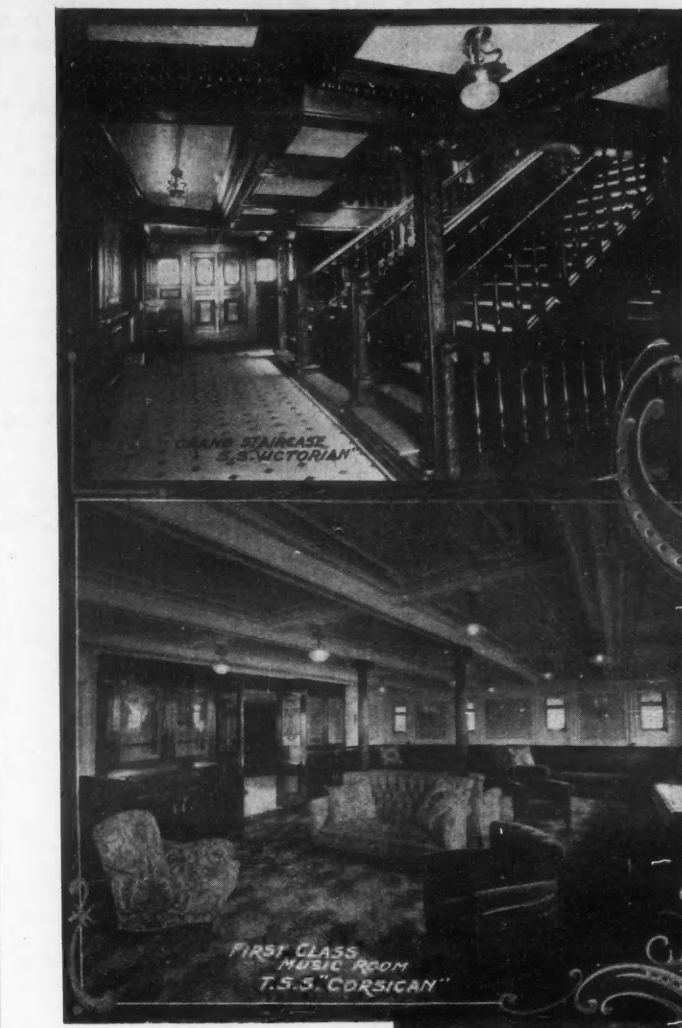
The problem, according to lectures and essays on sociological topics, is to be entirely solved by institutionalism. A writer in Scribner's, however, thinks they are leaving out of account some permanent tendencies of human nature. Cooking done at central kitchens, housemaids' work supplied by the hour, sanitary dust removing by the job, may be satisfactory changes, yet there remains a something in service which cannot be contracted for on the totally impersonal principle.

Of course, men and women could outgrow altogether the conception of personal service. This so modern a person as Mr. Shaw would prognosticate. His true Overmen would as lief black their own boots as not.

But the Overman must have the time. There are, in a full and complex life, an infinity of tasks more minute and, in themselves, inconsequential than blacking boots which could not be entrusted to employees of the most up-to-date domestic agencies without time-and-nerve-consuming explanations; tasks which a silent, ever present intelligence, working shadow-like in the background, divining answers without putting questions, alone can execute to the immeasurable enfranchisement of the busy man.

While we hear that soon there are to be no more servants, everywhere, from the heads of the big corporations down, there goes up the cry for the faithful man—the man who is willing to be faithful in secret and without putting posies in his own hat. Naturally, while every man thinks he is a much entitled to the posies as the other man, being faithful in secret will not present itself as a popular occupation. Yet it is possible that when perfect equality of everybody to everybody else has been absolutely established, the desire to prove it will seem uninteresting and superfluous. Then there might be good servants again.

A correspondent makes this query of the New York Sun: "Without opening the question of the quality of natural history involved, is there a snake story to the effect that if you kill one of the species its mate will be impelled by conjugal affection to track you down and get you in the end? I think that I have heard of such a thing from travellers or in desultory reading may have seen some such note." To which the Sun makes answer: There is certainly such a story and a great many people believe it to have a foundation in fact in Australia, where snakes abound and where snake stories have naturally reached fine proportions. The snake is known as the great dukite; its venom is said to be ab-



GRAND STAIRCASE  
S.S. VICTORIAN

convey, to some extent, an idea of the accommodation provided for cabin passengers, first and second.

These steamers have been designed to meet twentieth century requirements in every respect. They can accommodate 200 first, 300 second, and a large number of third class passengers. Spacious promenade decks for each class, is a notable feature, while particular attention has been paid to ventilation, the usual method of tube ventilator being supplemented by a complete installation of the thermo-tank system.

The first class dining saloon is situated in the deck house at the fore end of the bridge deck, extra large square windows on three sides providing light and air. The decoration is carried out simply and in good taste, the panelling being in oak, with white enamel ceilings, relieved with gold. The first class music and smoking rooms are situated on the promenade deck, their general arrangement and decoration conveying at once an idea of comfort.

The second class passengers are provided for in a style differing but little from the first class. The second class dining saloon, smoking room, and music room are comfortable and roomy apartments, their location on shelter and bridge decks being a special feature in these steamers. The dining saloon extends the full width of the shelter deck and will seat two hundred passengers, the illustration showing the style of decoration and seating arrangement.

There are no less than sixteen separate tables, accommodating eight, ten or twelve passengers each.

Staterooms for both first and second class passengers are unusually spacious and located amidships, the first on promenade and bridge decks, the latter on shelter and main decks. A number of two-berth rooms have been provided for the second class.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the "Corsican" and "Grampian" are likely to prove popular vessels, and are representative of the type of modern steamship which is finding increasing favor with the travelling public.

The "Corsican" will be employed on the Montreal-Liverpool route, the "Grampian," with her sister ship, the "Hesperian," ready in the spring of 1908, sailing between Montreal and Glasgow. That the latter route is rapidly increasing in popularity is evidenced in the demand for accommodation on the steamers now employed in this service. That the traveller from Canada to Scotland will welcome steamers of the "Grampian" class, is a foregone conclusion.

solutely deadly. All bushmen place such credence in the story as minutely in the question that they either refrain from killing the great dukite, or should they kill one lose no time in hunting up another to kill in the hope of despatching the deadly mate. They tell fabulous tales of the "peritancy" with which one dukite will follow the trail of the man who has killed one of the species, tracking him over miles of hungry desert. Many a man will tell of such pursuit and how he escaped only through the habit of the crane-like bird known as the native companion, which stands on one leg all night long by a sleeping wanderer in the bush, alert to spear every snake that crawls near. The story of the great dukite has been told in verse, and well told by John Boyle O'Reilly. The story has so far escaped particular denun-

ciation, possibly through recognition of the absence of extra territorial jurisdiction.

"By nature," said Prof. von Joggelby, "I am industrious, a plodder; I would even say, if I might drop for once into homelier phrase, a plugger."

"I like to work. I long ago discovered that there is no real joy to be found in life except in work. All other pursuits, ambition, pleasure, fame, are vain and likely to be filled with disappointment; and idleness I abhor."

"In work only can we find freedom from care, in work alone do we find complete and abiding satisfaction and the deep and pervading joy that springs from accomplishment. But I find that even I have days when I can't work, when figures cease to charm, and even the most intricate

## The New Allan Liners

For over half a century ships of the Allan Line have sailed regularly between Canada and Great Britain.

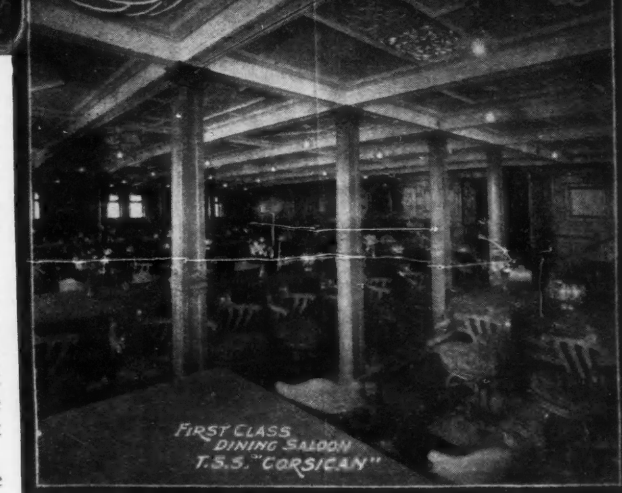
In 1853 the 1500 ton "Canadian," to-day the 12,000 tonners "Victorian" and "Virginian"; and we have briefly the development of the Line and also of the St. Lawrence route.

Of the thirty steamships which to-day comprise the Allan Line fleet, ten, with an aggregate tonnage of over 100,000 tons, have been built since the year 1900, the latest additions being the twin-screw steamships "Corsican" and "Grampian."

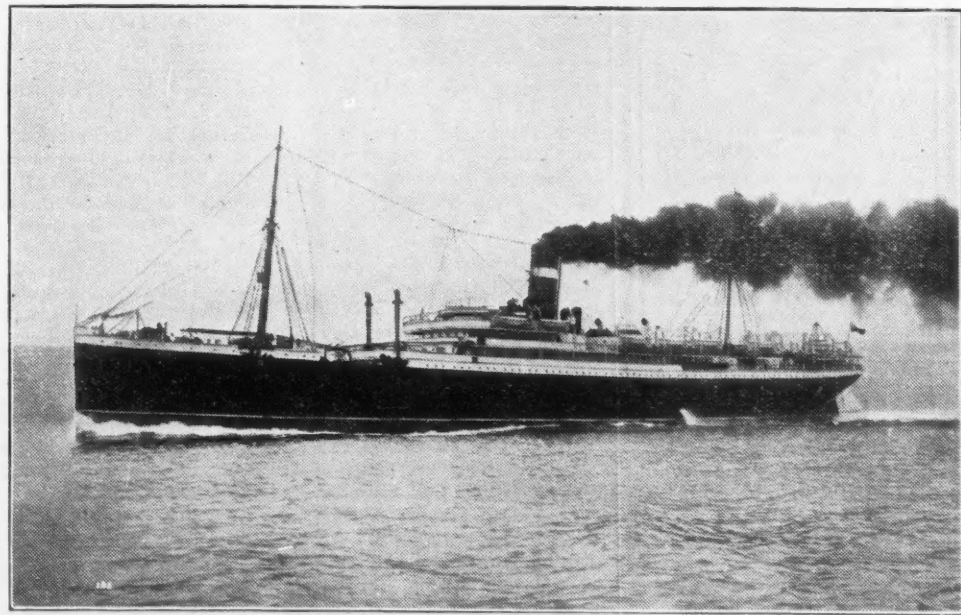
The former sailed on her first voyage from Liverpool on the eight of August last, the latter from Glasgow on September 21st. The accompanying illustrations will



SECOND CLASS  
DINING SALOON  
T.S.S. CORSICAN



FIRST CLASS  
DINING SALOON  
T.S.S. CORSICAN



Allan Line Twin-screw S. S. Grampian.

problems have no attraction for me, days when I can't concentrate my mind upon the work before me, but must perforce sit back and look out upon and enjoy the trees and the grass in the back yards in view from my study window, and dream of the things beyond; and such a day is this, this ripe, mellow hazy day in late September, when even nature, its summer's work done, seems to have taken a day off for idle luxury.

"On such a day, I confess, figures have no charm for me, nor can even the most intricate problems attract—

all work is vanity; I want to get out where the yellow sunshine comes down on wood and hill and valley."

Samuel L. Clemens is the most extraordinary American now alive.—St. Louis Times.

Not by a long shot. Mr. Clemens

is very distinguished, very famous, but he is normal. The most extraordinary American now alive or that ever was alive wasn't born in Missouri.—The Sun.

We dispute, with due deference to authority, the suggestion that an extraordinary man is the less extraordinary because he is normal. Is it not a higher and more notable achievement to be extraordinary and still normal than to be extraordinary and not normal? Is it not much easier to be extraordinary if normality is thrown over? Is not that like playing a game without observing the rules?—Harper's Weekly.

"Are you entirely settled in your new flat?" "No. Not entirely. The landlord is still nagging us for the balance due on the first month's rent."—Milwaukee Sentinel.



## SOCIETY

Not mentioning the names of some of the debutantes of this season, I inadvertently wrote that Miss Hilda Burton is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Burton. Miss Hilda is Mrs. Warren Burton's second daughter and will be as popular as was her elder sister, now Mrs. Featherstone Aylesworth, at her debut.

Among out of town guests at the wedding on Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, of Brantford. Mrs. Bethune, as Edith Wilson, was formerly a resident here, a very graceful and clever girl.

The Victoria Club will give an autumn dance on the 24th of this month. Their dances always used to open the season.

The fortnightly dance at the Argonaut Club is on next Monday.

The arch of their swords formed by the officers at the Nordheimer-Denison wedding was a striking military touch.

Mrs. Beryl Stewart, of Montreal, is at Sunnyside on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick. I heard some rumor of Mr. Stewart being located here permanently in business, which would bring back the young couple to the city, where both their families have long been residents.

Mr. Cameron Nelles Wilson, of St. Andrew's College, has a taking story in the Smart Set this month.

Mrs. Kerr, of Rathnelly, is on a short trip to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Biggar have returned from abroad. Miss Isabel Biggar will follow them, with Mr. and Mrs. Langton. Mrs. Joseph Cawthra is home from England. Mr. and Mrs. Nairn, of Kelvinside, and their daughters are home from Europe. Mrs. and Miss Florence Sprague will be home from Golden, B.C., next week. Mr. James Carruthers has sold his residence in Jarvis street, and resides permanently in Montreal.

Mrs. Charles Turner, of Ottawa, has been for some time in pension at Mrs. Mead's.

The marriage of Mr. Ernest J. Proctor and Miss Charlotte Emily (Dot) Nicholls, daughter of Mr. Frederic Nicholls, of The Homewood, will take place in St. Paul's church, Bloor street, on October 17, and the ceremony will be followed by a reception at the family residence, Wellesley crescent. This wedding will be exceedingly smart, I hear.

Mr. Fraser Homer Dixon, R.C.I., and his fiancée, Miss Evelyn Cameron of Winnipeg, are expected to pay a visit to Mrs. Goldwin Smith, at The Grange this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Adams, of Glen road, Rosedale, and their young people are back in town after a summer down the St. Lawrence.

Mrs. McMillan, of Princeton, nee Lash, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zeb. Lash, in Grenville street.

Mrs. John Dick and her daughter, Miss Muriel, returned from the golf tournament at Ottawa, where Miss Dick was runner-up to the champion, Miss Thompson. The Toronto ladies left with other golfers in charge of Mr. Albert Austin, of "Spadina," for the golf tournament in Chicago early this week. Mr. Austin's eldest son was of the party, and is following in father's footsteps in golf matters, being a cracking good player, daily developing better form and more renown.

Mrs. and Miss Macdonald of Goderich, have been visiting Mrs. Nordheimer at Gleneddyth. Miss Macdonald will remain for Miss Cecil's wedding next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston Brock have given up their flat in the St. George and taken a house in Huron street.

Dr. and Mrs. Malloch are again settled at 327 College street after their long absence abroad. Mrs. Malloch will not receive until the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in November. Dr. and Mrs. Malloch will both be at home on the evenings of those days. Mrs. Malloch, the doctor's mother, will reside at 327 College street after November the 1st.

The marriage of Miss Jean MacNevin, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James MacNevin, of Ottawa, to Mr. John M. Ferguson, barrister-at-law, Osgoode Hall, Toronto, was

solemnized very quietly at St. Mary's church, Lindsay, Ven. Archdeacon Casey officiating. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. L. V. O'Connor, wore a handsome lace gown over soft satin and chiffon, with tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower of roses and lily of the valley. She also wore a pearl necklace, the gift of the groom. Miss Anna MacNevin attended her sister and was prettily gowned in pale pink chiffon over taffeta with berthe of Carrickmacross lace, white picture hat with plumes and carried a sheaf of pink roses. The gift to the bridesmaid was a pearl pendant. The groomsmen were Mr. R. L. Brackin, of Chatham, and Mr. W. H. McGuire, of Niagara Falls, Ont., was usher. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's sister. Later Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson left to spend their honeymoon in New York and Washington, the bride wearing a smartly tailored suit of blue with touches of tan, white hat trimmed with velvet and flowers.

Mrs. Harold May, of Belleville, and Miss Victoria Chapman, of St. Catharines, are visiting Mrs. F. J. Roy, Maitland Villa, Palmerston boulevard.

At the residence of the bride's mother, McDonald avenue, Parkdale, a very pretty wedding was solemnized on Sept. 28, when Miss Jean Stratton, third daughter of Mrs. G. P. Harrison, and William Love were married. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rev. Jas. Murray, only the immediate families of the contracting parties being present. The bride's cousin, Miss Vera Stratton, of Hamilton, was bridesmaid, and her little niece, Lois Stone, ring-bearer. During the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Love left on a short trip to the east.

The following Toronto people were at the Clifton Hotel last week: Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Booth, Mr. T. Albany Howlath, Mrs. Howlath, Mrs. G. Bedells and Miss N. Bedells, Mrs. McGane and Miss McGane, Miss Gordon, Miss Ford, Mr. C. S. Herring, Mr. T. D. McGane, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. W. S. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Eden Smith, Mr. E. Vere Hopwood, Mr. James Leitch, Mr. A. B. Ingram, Mr. Gilbert S. Minty, Mr. H. White, Mr. and Mrs. Edmanson, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, Mr. William A. Bucke, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Bissell, Jr., Mr. A. L. Hardman, Mr. George Edwards, Mr. D. H. McDougall, Miss Staunton, Mr. Ernest F. Gunther, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greig, Mr. Joseph W. Shenstone, Mr. J. W. Corcoran, Mr. Atwell Fleming, Mr. W. H. Brouse, Mr. T. C. Irving, Mr. F. P. Megan, Mr. Edward Gurney, Mr. W. C. Gurney, Mr. George Booth, Mr. H. W. Mickle, Mrs. B. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Mrs. Arthur Popplewell, Master Parker and maid; Mr. and Mrs. Arnold W. Thomas, Misses Mona G. and Madeline Ellis, Mr. P. W. Ellis, Mrs. A. Douglas, Mr. C. D. Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Beall, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Grasett, Mr. C. W. Dunning, Mr. W. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Marchant, Dr. and Mrs. Edmund E. King.

The jewelry store of Frank T. Proctor, Yonge street, has long been known for everything that is good in jewelry, and now the manufacturing end is to be taken hold of by this progressive jeweler.

The public will welcome this step, as it will mean much in the manufacture of really high grade jewelry in Toronto.

SCORE'S NEW DEPARTURE.

In another column of the paper the firm of R. Score & Son announce the opening of a new department, specially for the tailoring of ulsters and coats for ladies for the promenade, the carriage and the automobile. Ladies interested are invited to inspect the specially imported Scotch tweeds which the firm have imported for these garments.

"Men are so queer. Tell them after the honeymoon that your love is growing cold and they never glance up from the paper."

"No, but tell them the soup is getting cold and they jump about ten feet."—Detroit News.

The Judge—For two years you men have fished together, peacefully, and yet you fought over this fish.

The Sportsman—You see, your honor, this is the first one we ever caught.—Translated from Meggendorfer Blatter.

The Farmer—Don't know what's the matter. Beer don't taste good to me. Got to go to the doctor and have him order me not to touch it; then I'll like it again, maybe.—Translated from Meggendorfer Blatter.

Digby—How long did it take you to learn to run a motor car?

Scorcher—Oh, five or six.

Digby—Five or six what? Weeks?

Scorcher—No, motor cars.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Ever been in Siberia?" asked the reporter. "Er—yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee; "I took a knouting there one summer."—Chicago Tribune.

First Boatman to Second Ditto—'E's got more brains in 'is 'ead than you and me 'as got in the rest of our bodies.—Tatler.

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

## BIRTHS.

STAPPELLS—At Toronto, Sept. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stapells, a daughter.

HARRISON—At London, Ont., Sept. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Harrison, a son.

LANZ—At Collingwood, Sept. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich D. Lanz, a son.

TOMS—At Hamilton, Sept. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. K. Toms, of Winnipeg, a son.

POWELL—At New York, Sept. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Burnley Powell, a son.

MASSIE—At Toronto, Sept. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Massie, a son.

JARVIS—At Hamilton, Sept. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Jarvis, a son.

FITZTHUGH—At Cobourg, Sept. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fitzthugh, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

MOWRY-CHAMBERLAIN—On Saturday, Sept. 21, at the Metropolitan church parsonage, by Rev. Dr. Cleaver, Richard B. Mowry, to Blanch Edythe, daughter of the late Ephraim D. Chamberlain.

BARNET-MACPHERSON—On Sept. 28, at St. Giles Presbyterian church, Montreal, Que., by the Rev. J. K. Dobson, Harold G. Barnett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Barnett, "Coleraine Hall," Renfrew, Ont., to Louise, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Macpherson, Glen-garry, Ont.

MELDRUM-MACLEAN—At Bangor, Mich., on Sept. 25, Maude Rebecca Maclean, to Dr. Wm. N. Meldrum, New Durham.

DODD-COLLINS—At Toronto, on Sept. 25, Henry Stanfield Dodd, to Margaret Ida, daughter of Captain Collins.

INGRAM-WOODS—At Toronto, Sept. 28, Mrs. Corinne Watson Woods, to William A. Ingram.

LOVE-HARRISON—At Toronto, Sept. 28, William Love, to Jean Stratton Harrison.

WOLVERTON-SELBY—At Stouffville, Sept. 28, Lillie May, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Selby, Markham, to Frank Theron Wolverson, B.A.

ROSS-HOLMES—At Montreal, Oct. 2, Isobel H. Holmes, daughter of the late Chas. A. Ross, Dominion Bank, Toronto.

HALLE-READ—At Grimsby, Ont., Sept. 18, Roland John Mortimer Halle, to Julia Margaret Read.

DEWEY-FRASER—At Toronto, Oct. 2, Florence Hattibel Fraser, to Kenneth H. Dewey.

## DEATHS.

ASHLEY—At Brockville, Sept. 27, George Ellington Ashley, of Kingston.

BARRETT—At New York, Sept. 24, Hugh Francis Barrett, in his 54th year.

WATERS—At Toronto, Sept. 29, Agnes, widow of the late Rev. David Waters, D.D., LL.D., aged 85 years.

COURTNEY—At Winnipeg, Sept. 27, Robert Courtney, late of Toronto, aged 29 years.

SIMPSON—At Toronto, Oct. 2, Dorothy M., only daughter of Alex. Simpson, aged 14 years.



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The Bell Piano has a tone of such beauty that those who listen to it can readily understand why the instrument is a favorite of so very many discerning musicians. This tone creates a feeling of enthusiasm in all who hear it; compels admiration from the most exacting.

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Only \$10.00 round trip from Suspension Bridge via Lehigh Valley R. R., Thursday, October 17th. For tickets and particulars call L. V. R. office, 54 King street east.

Theatre Official (to students): "You are not allowed to join in the chorus, gentlemen." Student: "Don't you worry. We are singing something quite different."—Fliegende Blätter.



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Women's strictly first-class stylish all Persian Lamb Jackets, bright lustrous curls, smart new military models, braid trimmed or plain in the several correct lengths, beautifully made. Two special prices ..... \$110.00 and \$125.00.

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### Society at the Capital

WEDNESDAY, which appears for some reason to be everywhere the most popular day of the week for weddings, was again, for the third time in succession during this month, chosen last week for a matrimonial event, and on the afternoon of the 25th Christ Church Cathedral was the scene of a quiet though especially interesting ceremony, both the bride and groom being members of two of the oldest families in the capital. The bride, Miss Beatrice Sara Lindsay, is the youngest daughter of the late Arthur Lindsay, Esq., and Mrs. Lindsay, of 256 Daly avenue, and the groom, Mr. Hammett Pinhey Hill, is the elder son of the late Hammett P. Hill, and Mrs. Hill, of 211 Bronson avenue, and member of the firm of well-known barristers, Christie, Greene & Hill. Invitations had been sent only to the near relatives of the principals, but the church was well filled with the many young friends of the bride and groom, who are among the most popular of Ottawa's "four hundred." Rev. Canon Kittson officiated and the cathedral had been most effectively decorated with pink and white asters in combination with palms and ferns galore. At four o'clock Mr. Keefer Lindsay, of New York, entered with his sister, the pretty young bride, who wore her travelling costume, a very smart tailored gown of golden brown chiffon broadcloth, with three-quarter length coat having collar and cuffs of a darker shade of velvet, opening over a blouse of dainty hand-made lace. A hat of golden brown felt with long plume and knots of ribbon was most becoming, and a bouquet of Sunset roses and lily of the valley harmonized well with this extremely well chosen costume. The groom's gift was a handsome hoop ring of rubies and diamonds. Miss Katherine Moore, a companion from childhood of the bride's, was her only attendant, and she wore a particularly pretty gown of yellow crepe de chine, most becoming to her bewitching brunette beauty, and a picture hat of cream felt with cream and brown plumes. Her bouquet was of creamy roses and she wore the groom's souvenir gift, a gold signet ring. Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King supported the groom, and to him the latter presented a silver card-case, as a memento of the happy occasion. During the time the members of the wedding party were in the vestry signing the register, Miss Mabel Ferguson (also a great friend of the bride's) sang most charmingly "Calm as the Night." Immediately on conclusion of the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hill drove directly to the station, amid a perfect deluge of confetti, and took the train for Montreal, and from there went to New York and other American cities to spend a three weeks' honeymoon. An informal reception followed at Mrs. Lindsay's residence, where the large number of well-chosen and unusually handsome gifts were much admired. Among them were particularly noticeable a case of solid table silver from fifteen bachelor members of the Golf Club; a handsome marble clock from the members of Derby Lodge, Sons of England; a silver loving cup presented by the Conservative Association; two very handsome large silver trays from the congregation of Christ Church Cathedral, and an oak cabinet with cut glass decanters from the Canadian Club, of which the groom is the energetic secretary. On their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Hill will occupy a sweet little home of their own now ready for them in Bronson avenue, not far from the homestead of the groom's family.

Previous to the wedding the bride's young friends kept her busy for several days, by tendering her many little pre-nuptial festivities. Miss Edith Fielding gave a luncheon in her honor on Monday, and the Misses Morna and Claudia Bate entertained at a delightful and jolly young girls' dinner on the same evening; Miss Mabel Ferguson gave a luncheon at the Golf Club, and Miss Irene Bate, at the tea-hour on Tuesday, gave a "handkerchief shower" for their very popular comrade.

Now that the cooler weather has set in, and outdoor festivities are at an end, dinners are once more taking a prominent place on the list of social events. Mr. and Mrs. John S. Ewart, were the host and hostess of an extremely enjoyable one on Wednesday when the guests included Col. and Mrs. Hanbury Williams and their English guest, Miss Markham, Hon. Mr. Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. Robert

Gill, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber and Mr. W. A. Allan. Pink roses and ferns made a charmingly dainty table decoration.

"Earnescliffe," renowned for its charming host and hostess and its recherche and well-arranged functions, was again the scene of a bright and congenial dinner on Thursday evening, the guests of honor being Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, who expect shortly to leave for their sunny home in Italy, and who are, after a visit to Toronto, spending a few days with Mrs. Gwynne. Mrs. Charles Harris's guests on this occasion were Col. and Mrs. Hanbury Williams and Miss Markham, Col. and Mrs. Heward, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Capt. and Mrs. E. J. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. MacGivern, Consul-General and Mrs. Foster, Capt. George Sparks, Miss Lily Gibbs, Mr. Dillon of Montreal and Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall.

An interesting engagement of another very popular Ottawa girl has just been announced, and is that of Miss Ruth Sherwood, the eldest daughter of Col. A. P. and Mrs. Sherwood, to Capt. W. E. Stevenson, of Throckley House, Northumberland, England. Capt. Stevenson and Miss Sherwood met in England a short time ago and the former was in the capital recently, having come in connection with the Palma Trophy competition.

The engagement has just been announced of Miss Gertrude Riley, daughter of Mr. Joseph Riley, of New York, to Mr. R. Murray O'Hara, third son of the late Robert O'Hara, of Chatham, Ont., and Mrs. O'Hara. Mr. Murray O'Hara, who has for the past three or four years been stationed in the New York branch of the Bank of Commerce, has recently been appointed accountant of the branch of that bank at Brantford, Ont. Mr. O'Hara is well known in Ottawa, having spent some years in the capital, and his many friends here are delighted to hear of his good luck.

### THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Sept. 30, 1907.

### Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling, it is said, will get the Nobel literary prize.—Press Despatch.

"What are the authors sneering for?" said Bookworm on Parade; "To call him down, to call him down," the Nature Faker said; "What makes Hall Caine so blooming mad?" said Bookworm on Parade; "He's frettin' 'cause he lost the prize," the Nature Faker said;

"For they're giving it to Kipling, and the crowd is shrieking 'Nit!'"

And Gorky and his fellow Slavs don't like the deal a bit;

And Bernard Shaw has sneaked away to throw a little fit.

While they're decoratin' Rudyard in the mornin'."

"What makes Dick Davis turn so pale?" said Bookworm on Parade;

"A jealous twinge, a jealous twinge," the Nature Faker said;

"And what makes Dr. Twain so glum?" said Bookworm on Parade;

"It ain't no joke to him, I guess," the Nature Faker said;

"For the ink pots are a hissing, and the pens are scratching hard. And the typewriters are thumpin' without favor or regard.

And there'll be bricks thrown, I'm thinkin', from each author man's back yard.

When they're decoratin' Rudyard in the mornin'."

—Denver Republican.

One of the jokes James Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," didn't dare publish, according to his biographer, who found it among his papers, is the following:

A schoolboy asked, "What is the meaning of average?" at once replied, "The things hens lay eggs on."

When requested to explain his answer, the boy said: "I read in a book that hens lay on an average 200 eggs a year."—Mobile Register.

Father (of student)—But my boy possesses plenty of energy, doesn't he? College President—Yes, sir; in one direction. In consequence of the attraction of gravitation he exerts what we call, scientifically, a potential energy of 187 pounds.—Chicago Tribune.

"Jones is the most prominent member of our golf club." "Why, he can't play golf!" "No, but he always pays his dues."—Cleveland Leader.



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Blue Jackets —Bennett  
"Lights Out" —McCoy  
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With Sword and Lance —Starke  
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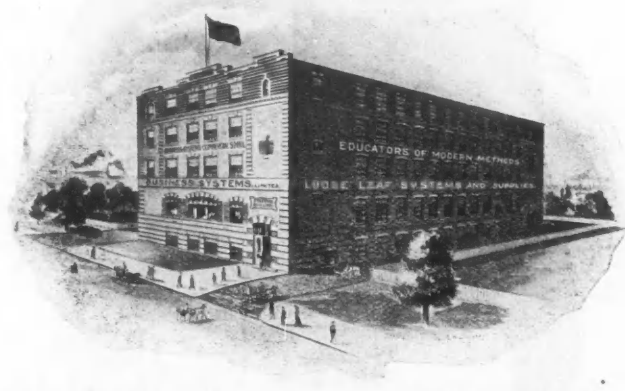
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combined with durability and beauty of design are the distinguishing characteristics of the "Gerhard Heintzman."

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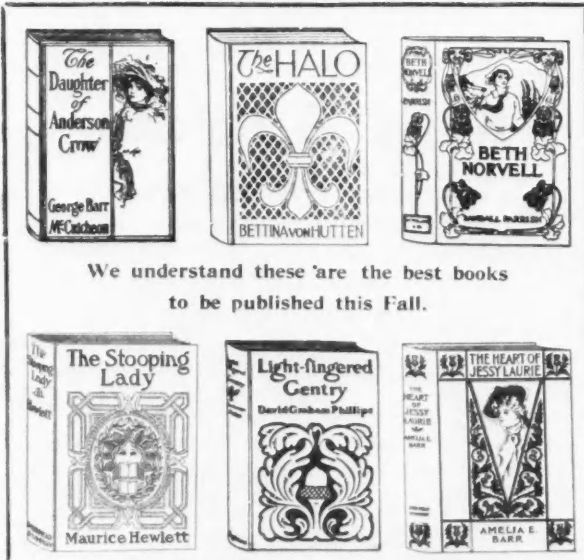
## THE HOME OF Business Systems Limited BUSINESS SYSTEMS COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, Limited

This company began business two years ago on a small scale with about 15 employees. Business, however, grew so that more floor space and more employees were added from time to time. To-day they own the large new building, cut of which is here shown, and on the three floors occupied by them have 150 young men and young women busily engaged in devising, manufacturing, and shipping Loose Leaf binders and supplies.

This new up-to-date business training school occupies the first floor of Systems Building. They provide an up-to-date training in Loose Leaf Accounting and kindred subjects, besides a first class course in Short-hand and Typewriting. The classrooms are large, bright and airy and are furnished throughout with the best school furniture and equipment to be had. The courses are outlined by business men and taught by practised experienced teachers. A card to the above address will bring full particulars.

## From Briggs' Fall List

IT'S A WONDER



We understand these are the best books  
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"THE SONGS OF A SOURDOUGH"

**Lace  
Curtains  
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We re-clean the story that it is here your best curtains can be cleaned in a most satisfactory manner.

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**FISH MEALS**  
as well as other meals, are served daily from 12 to 2 p.m. and 5 to 8 p.m., both at Sunnyside Parlors and at Humber Beach Hotel.

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**The Weavers**

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A great man, a good woman, and life worth living right—this is the secret of the story—the power of it cannot be described.

**Cloth \$1.50**

**The Copp, Clark Co. Limited**  
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## Hunters' Experiences

Some Recent Adventures With  
Wild Animals. : : : : :

A DESPATCH from Nanaimo, B. C., says: An exciting fight with an octopus at Duncan Bay, in which the crew of the Kestrel figured victorious, was reported on the arrival of the federal cruiser in port yesterday afternoon. Government Naturalist Halkett, Fisheries Inspector Taylor and Capt. Newcomb of the Kestrel were the principal actors in what was the tragedy of the octopus' life.

While making a landing at Duncan Bay they perceived an octopus in the water and immediately started to capture it. The monster fought desperately, exhibiting terrible strength. It would throw one tentacle around a rock, defying the united efforts of some five or six men in the boat to dislodge it. The struggle lasted for an hour or more, boat hooks, oars, clubs and knives being used on the octopus, until finally it was landed in the boat. Even while dying it showed great strength.

William Coons, a Kinmount man, had an exciting experience one evening a week ago on his way home from Bobcaygeon, where he had paddled in a canoe. While crossing Little Bob Lake in the dusk he encountered a black bear swimming in the water, and for a time it looked as if the bear was going to come out the victor in the encounter. Coons at first thought when within a short distance of the bear that the animal was a dog and struck at it with his paddle. It was then the discovery was made that it was a bear, and with one stroke of his paw the canoe was upset and the man and bear were struggling in the water. The attack had evidently infuriated the animal, for he fought viciously and when Mr. Coons at last reached shore, after having been in the water about half an hour, it was with a suit of badly torn clothes and a body with many scratches made by the bear's claws. Coons declares that his escape was nothing short of miraculous, and states that at one time he had given up hope of ever reaching shore alive.

Mr. Steve Robitaille is well known in Ottawa. He is also well known up the Gatineau. Recently while fishing at Trout Lake, back of Maniwaki, Mr. Robitaille had an experience with a bear, says The Evening Journal. Mr. Robitaille isn't sure as to the color of the bear or the size of the bear. He didn't wait to make a close inspection.

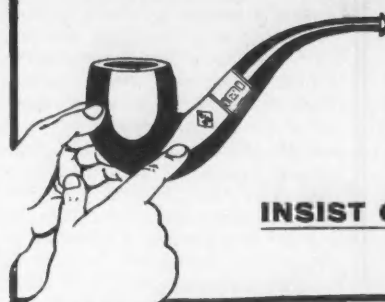
The peculiar part of the thing was that if the bear could talk it would evidently say that Mr. Robitaille is about three times as big as he is. The bear, it seems, took one look and ran as hard as it could go, while Mr. Robitaille was running in the opposite direction. Mr. Robitaille discovered this afterwards. Mr. Robitaille was getting the dinner ready when the incident occurred. He had a hired man with him. Suddenly the hired man shouted out, "Look at the bear," and then started to run for all he was worth. Mr. Robitaille called out, "Hand me the axe," but the hired man put ten yards between himself and the axe. The bear was between Mr. Robitaille and the axe. So, sizing up the situation, and as there was no gun handy, Mr. Robitaille proceeded to follow the hired man at a championship gait. Turning round after a short sprint to see how close the bear was to him, Mr. Robitaille was surprised to see the bear hoofing it off at full speed in the opposite direction.

## The Factory of C. E. BECK

in Havana, Cuba, "The Home of Fine Cigars." The name "C. E. BECK" stands for the one factory that always maintains a high standard of quality for their product at any cost.

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### The Cup of Life.

Of all the vintage in the world,  
One single cup of wine,  
One cup of life, one cup of death,  
One destiny is mine.

I'd not give up that special cup  
My fates have filled for me  
For any other in all time  
Or all eternity.

For in my time and in my place  
No foot has stood before;  
My taste of fortune, fine or base,  
No lips can know of more.

So, might I choose, I would not lose  
For nectared draughts divine  
This deep-spiced vintage here and  
now,  
In mine own place and time.

Mine be the strength to lift it up  
In pride, drink full and free;  
And standing drain the mortal cup  
My fates have poured for me.  
—Edith Wyatt, in Appleton's Magazine.

Many a bit of humor and pathos is seen through the window of the bank cashier or teller. Mr. John F. Murray relates, in his World of London, some examples which he overheard as he stood in one of the city's savings institutions sixty years ago.

First came an Irish hodman, with something like the debris of a hat under his arm, and in his hand five shillings to deposit. He blundered

from counter to counter, always in the wrong place, and eternally praying God to "bless their honors," although just why I could not make out.

Next appeared a Welsh milkmaid with six sovereigns, the savings of half a year. Two of the coins were returned to her as "light."

"Master shouldn't have given me light money," she said, as she took back her hard-earned sovereigns, for sure he always gave me the heaviest work."

An aged man and woman tottered in, supporting each other. Time had bowed their heads, but it had no power over their affection. They brought thirty pounds, the accumulated hoard of years, which they wished to deposit to insure them a decent burial.

"We have lived without the parish, and we hope to die without it," they said.

"In whose name shall I enter it?" said the clerk.

The two looked at each other in bewilderment. They had not thought of this contingency.

"Better put it in his name," said the old woman.

"Put it in her name," responded the old man. "She can guide it better when I'm gone."

"God forbid I should live to see the day!" cried the wife.

The couple consulted for a few moments. Then turning to the clerk, they announced their decision.

"Couldn't you please put it in both our names?" they said.

### CHAMPAGNE DRINKING MADE EASY.

Explaining the greatly increased consumption of champagne in this country, a prominent Fifth avenue hotel proprietor said yesterday: "Many persons who formerly avoided the bubbling wine of France out of fear of a headache or an attack of gout the morning after have learned thoroughly the value of English custom of drinking Apollinaris at a dinner at which they partake of champagne." He explained that the Apollinaris, with its moderate amount of bicarbonate of soda, is sufficiently alkaline to remove acidity of the stomach, and, containing its own natural gas, it is additionally pleasant and wholesome. He pointed out that the London Lancet and medical authorities in general assert that carbonic acid gas is an aid to digestion.

The one cent piece and the half dollar were discussing their merits.

"I am much better than you," said the copper coin.

"How's that?" asked the silver one. "I am worth fifty times more than you."

"That may be," was the reply, "but you see I go to church far more often than you do."

Little Edna—What is "leisure," mama? Mama—It's the spare time a woman has in which she can do some other kind of work, my dear.—Chicago Daily News.